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John Martin
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A JOURNEY ON A PLANK

FROM

KIEV TO EAUX-BONNES.

1859.

BY LADY CHARLOTTE PEPYS.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

LONDON :
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1860.

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DEDICATED

TO

HER EXCELLENCY

PRINCESS SOPHIE KOUDACHEFF;

HER EXCELLENCY

PRINCESS CATHERINE KOUDACHEFF;

AND

ALL HER DEAR FRIENDS IN RUSSIA,

In Memory of

DAYS SPENT WITH THEM;

DAYS MUCH ENJOYED, AND LOVINGLY REMEMBERED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

Oh! those were days
Whose every hour taught me to love still more!

10.1.04

Days full of glancing wit and deep discourse—
Bright fancy—swift allusion—and the pause
Of Silence, when th'eternal voices sweet
Of Sympathy—or, deeper yet, the tones
Of Adoration—filled each spirit, rapt
Past utterance !

And over all the light,
Opal or roseate, of the gentlest love,
The kindest welcome for the stranger bard,
Who hung her low-toned lyre awhile beneath
Vast Russia's brooding shade. Oh ! gentle hearts !
Oh ! noble country ! by what chains of Love
Cling ye for ever to her grateful soul, who hung
Her low-toned lyre one happy while beneath
Vast Russia's brooding shade—and left it there !
Take, then, the record of the painful way
She trod without it ; and the longing vain,
But half-expressed, to wander back once more,
And bid those vanished joys re-bloom !

Not so

Her destiny, to couch and cushion vowed ;
Yet longs she, fondly longs, to speak of ye,
And tell in language adequate her love,
Her thanks for intercourse so rich, so rare,
With grand, large hearts, and spirits glowing keen—
For gentlest care and tenderest sympathy—
For all ye were, ye bright beloved ones !
Heaven crown ye with all joys ! and bid ye find
About ye still all that she in ye prized ;
Scatter your paths with fairest flowers, and give

'Them power to lift your loving hearts to Heaven ;
And if some raindrops must too often rest
On all the fairest flowers God lends to earth,
May Love Divine with kindling ray exhale
Such tears, till they as sunset-clouds appear,
Promising brighter pleasures, tearless homes !

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JOURNEY ON A PLANK

FROM

KIEV TO EAUX-BONNES.

CHAPTER I.

The Departure—Reasons for Writing—Kiev—The Grand Jardin—Travellers' Mistakes—Church-bells—Journey to Jitomir—Carriage—Refreshments—King-Cup—Travellers in Russia—Hotels—Guardsmen—Arrival at Jitomir—Second Day's Journey—Woods in their Beauty—A Station in Russia—The Camp—The "Nord"—Solferino—The Intentions of England—The Austrian Question—The State of Europe—Provisions—The Comedian—The "Hebe."

MOST books of travel have something to recommend them either to the general or to the specific reader. They are written perhaps to

give information, perhaps to gain admirers. They are undertaken by people of talent and energy, whose labours and experience may be valuable to others, even if their travels throw no new light on history, add no new facts to science.

But “a journey on a plank,” of what use can that be? The poor Indian, no doubt,

“Who did a plank bestride,
And o’er the waters glide,”

was the foreshadower of our mighty navigation; but a traveller in a prostrate position, on a plank, can hardly serve as pioneer or guide to any other wanderers. And yet, have patience; it is possible, no doubt, to make such a narrative interesting, nay even amusing; and the only question is, whether the present writer be equal to the task. Let publishers first, the public next, accept it and decide.

Being obliged, by a complication of circumstances, to leave Russia in the summer of 1859, and to revisit a milder climate, I resolved not to lose utterly even such impressions of this "drive across Europe" as could be obtained in a progress literally from a chamber in one town to a chamber in another town, to the total exclusion of all the sight-seeing, adventures, and intercourse with others which make up so large a part of the ordinary joys and sorrows of travel. In order to carry out my plan, I have recorded nothing but what I have heard, seen, and thought during this journey. If my dear companions were inclined to publish their recollections, they would be better worth reading, I am sure; but they, "with the modesty of true merit," decline doing so; and I hope the idea will not occur to any of my readers that I only utter because I have nothing to say! I will

leave my residence in Russia for a future occasion. I do not yet know that noble land well enough to do it full justice ; and I love it too well to wish to do it half justice. Besides, the sorrow with which I took leave of Kiev, June 23rd, 1859, is still too new, and the faces clustered round the carriage door too fresh in my memory. Nor will I describe the town itself ; for, having come to it an invalid, I had never been able to explore its monastic and cathedral treasures, the Lavra, St. André, and St. Sophia ; and well as I knew their gilt and silver cupolas, towering over the trees of the Grand Jardin, near my rooms, I had not been inside any of them, nor seen the Sainte Barbe, the child-martyr, nor any of the thousand embalmed saints of the catacombs of the Lavrà.

Kiev is a beautiful town, placed on the craggy bank of the Dnieper. The Bath chair

kindly lent to me by the Princess Kondacheff used to convey me to a high spot of the Grand Jardin, also overlooking the Dnieper, from whence the shallow channel of the river, gradually becoming more and more filled up, and less navigable, and the low quarter on its bank, called the Padol, consisting chiefly of humble houses and shops, are distinctly visible. In the Padol, however, two richly endowed monasteries glitter in the sun, and on their great festival-days attract numbers of devotees to their shady precincts. I have seen in some travellers' accounts a statement that there are no church bells in Russia. This is a mistake, as I well know, for the deep solemn bells were a source of great delight to me. *Chimes* there are none, and bells tinkling through the service there are none, but a pealing bell may be heard from church and monastery on *fête* days, though I think it is

always, as in the primitive church, detached from the building itself, in a separate belfry.

And here, perhaps, it may be well to state that I have literally no right at all to call this part of the journey "on the Plank," inasmuch as, by the kindness of my friends, we were provided with a charming travelling-carriage, of the species called *dormeuse*, which was, as the name implies, contrived for sleeping. It was built like a chariot, the inside panels, from beneath the front windows, letting down to form a bed, opening a false boot, into which we stowed our little luxuries and provisions for the way. Comfortably installed on the couch thus made, with my dear companion by my side, I drove along the gay Kreschatika, the Bond Street of Kiev, and left this first capital of Russia probably for ever. There was not much beauty to attract

our notice in the country immediately around Kiev. The high ground upon which the town stands, rising out of a sandy plain, is not decorated, on this side, with such magnificent trees as on the road to Berle-Zerkô, but the woods and plantations give a park-like look to it. We passed through several villages, clustering generally along the banks of the rivers, or mere river-like ponds that abound in this part of Russia, and produce quantities of fish and freshwater crabs—craw-fish, as we call them.

These creatures, in their bright coats, are a great ornament, and, when boiled, their nutritive qualities a great resource to the Russian tables during the long and severe fasts, in which all animal food is prohibited. When we came to the fourth post-house from Kiev, we dined—that is to

say, Florence and Godfrey got out their fillet of beef and tongues, and carried them, with some bread, wine, and salt, into the little post-house, Tarovskaia, and ate them there. I had already been plied with bread and tent-wine jelly, and bright yellow king-cup—an infusion of lemon-peel, slightly sweetened, which forms an excellent tisane, easily procured everywhere on the Continent. You peel half a lemon very thin, put the peel into a tea-pot, with some sugar; pour *boiling* water upon it, and let it stand till it is of a bright clear yellow colour, *like* king-cups or butter-cups, though that is not the origin of the name: the beverage was a favourite with poor George the Fourth, and it was he who, in self-derision, gave it this name.

During the whole of this progress, my kind Florence never once forgot to render

me this little service every morning and evening, however unseasonable might be our arrivals and departures. This is only one among many instances of the untiring tenderness and care that led me by the hand all across Europe. We drove on to Stavishenskaia, where there is a fine old church situated on a rising ground. At the end of nineteen more versts, Florence and Godfrey again stepped out, called for the ever-ready samovar, and made some of our own tea, which rested and refreshed us all. She then came back to her nook beside me, while Godfrey climbed to his curtained back-seat. We read the Evening Psalms by the failing light; and then—laugh not reader—each took out a night-cap, hung up the plumed hat, and addressed herself to repose. In Florence's case, I fear, the attempt was vain. Anxiety, and

the physical discomfort of night-travelling, combined to keep her awake. She was not, like me, in a reclining position; and whether it were exhaustion after all the fatigues of that painful day, or part of my natural *specialité pour le voyage*, I know not, but certain it is that I was much less conscious of the march of time and our carriage that night than she was, and whenever I awoke or moved, I found her awake also—

“Watching with sleepless eyes, the soothingness
Of Life with mimic Death all curtained o’er.”

It is more agreeable at the time to be able to sleep; but I doubt if such sleep refreshes one much. The awaking next morning is disagreeable, even when there is nothing but pleasure in the journey itself—when there are no sad thoughts to haunt the waking spirit, nor fond fancies to assail the

half-dreaming ears. It was not until we had each opened our eyes several times, and had taken courage, at last, really to begin another day, that we asked each other news of the night, and drifted into conversation, Florence asking me if I felt able to go on, and I replying, "Certainly, and the faster the better. I only wish we could put on twice the number of horses, and get over the ground more rapidly."

"But I do not think that would be wise," said Florence; "rapid travelling induces fever; and it is safer to rest the first day, and be able to reach Warsaw, than to stop short on the road, or only reach it—"

"To expire at the Octroi? Yes, certainly; but in a journey like this, which must be performed in consecutive days and nights out of bed, there is no real rest until you arrive."

“You know you promised to go to bed at Jitomir,” said Florence.

“Yes, I promised, and I will keep my promise—if you ask me to go to bed at Jitomir, I will do so ; and if I am not fit to go on there or elsewhere, I will ask you to stay and let me rest—will that do ?”

“Yes, I am satisfied if you do that ; but I do not like to hear you say you do not expect to rest till you arrive. Rest by all means if you can, and do not decide that you cannot.”

“No, I will not decide anything. It has all been decided by the customs of the country and the ways of the inhabitants. They never attempt to sleep at these posting houses; they have every comfort in their carriages; they pay largely, and go *ventre à terre* to get over the ground; and they certainly understand travelling better than any other people, and stand it better.”

“It is very good breaking-in,” said Florence, drily.

“It is, and it makes of them the best possible travellers; but it lays open the country to very unjust criticisms, from the pens of ignorant travellers, who come here without either understanding or intelligently adopting the ways of the land, try and follow their western ways in eastern haunts, and expect to find in a Russian post-house, where no one is meant to sleep, all the perfections of a railway hotel. This is one among many of the crying evils and fallacies of De Custine’s book, and many others of that stamp.”

Florence smiled.

“You think I am hasty upon this subject,” said I, smiling; “but the fact is, I hate injustice—and it is injustice to try the accommodations of one country by the requirements of another.”

“No, but don’t you suppose it would be better to have good hotels here? Is not the evil felt by Russians themselves?”

“There is too little demand at present, but when railways bring more traffic, railway hotels will follow naturally, and all the pulses of intercourse will be quickened. I desire this as much as anyone, for it will be greatly to the advantage of Russia. But perhaps the large-hearted hospitalities, and many other fine old relics of an older time, must disappear then.”

“I suppose you saw a great deal of that?”

“Indeed I did; there seemed to be ‘nor stint nor stay;’ and the princely magnificence of making all welcome, and keeping the ‘feast and the pipe’ ready for all men at all hours, is truly oriental. But here we are at Jitomir. Godfrey is already down, and asking for a room;

and here is Grundmann ready to assist us."

It will be as well, by-the-bye, to describe poor Grundmann—for his name, as Godfrey said, suggested a sort of "earthman," gnome, or troll; and, though by no means one of the giants of those days, he was a tolerably tall Warsaw man, with little of the brave Pole about him—and having, in general, rather a timid, furtive bearing, though strictly honest. His poor head and face were already beginning to assume the scarlet tinge with which exposure to the air and want of rest invest delicate skins. He had arrived at Kiev, after four days' and nights' travelling, with the complexion of a boiled lobster; and by the time we reached Warsaw, the additional day and night had produced, if possible, a still brighter hue; so that, in compassion to his scarified appearance, we recommended to him a sort of broth composed of parsley and bread and

hot water, which, he assured us, much relieved his distress. He confessed to having slept in sour milk in vain the night before. However, as I said, at Jitomir he had only begun to bloom, and his energy and devotedness had long been in full flower. Godfrey had already engaged a room, with a *cabinet-de-toilette* attached, into which Florence and I gladly retreated, to refresh ourselves with a brief toilette ; after which we emerged into the large room, where the samovar was already steaming ; and Florence, like a good wife, ever ready to minister to the comfort of others, produced her tea, sugar, bread, and lemons, and moreover a packet of potato-flour, which, though chiefly used in Russia as starch, we had secured as an aliment and substitute for arrow-root. This room contained two sofas and three tables ; it was very large, barny, and desolate looking ;

in the next was a bedstead filled with hay. I looked at Florence to see if she would invite me to repose upon it, but she quietly observed, "I think the *sofa* looks very nice, dear;" and I was truly relieved that she thought so. I extended myself upon it, close to the breakfast table. Milk was supplied for the tea, but we had been long enough in Russia to prefer this beverage with a slice of lemon in it; but mixing a little potato-flour with the cream at the bottom of a glass, we added sugar thereto, and poured upon it boiling water from the samovar, which made an excellent breakfast. Russian children are very fond of a dish called "kissel," which is made in the same way, but with the juice of fruits instead of milk, and eaten with cold thick cream. We were very cheerful over this breakfast—I so enchanted at not being asked to go to bed, and Florence and Godfrey,

I suspect, also relieved at the discussion ending in so manifest an impossibility.

We soon resumed our places in our carriage, and we quickly rolled on again. It was seventeen hours from Kiev to Jitomir, which was the best town we were to expect to see. Florence and Godfrey knew the road well, having traversed it in May, when they came on the wings of enterprise to seek me and carry me away. It is curious that we left Kiev exactly the day month after their arrival there. The fields and woods were now in their greatest beauty, and their fertility suggested a strong contrast to the historical recollections of the bloody contests of which this much-disputed land has been the scene in all ages. At every station Godfrey descended from his lofty perch, and came to ask how we were getting on. There was not much beauty in the country; but Brominikskaia is rather a nice-looking

place, and we all got out here to dine.

As this was quite a superior posting-house, I will describe it. Imagine, dear reader, a little room, fourteen feet by twenty, with very rough boards, a little horse-hair sofa, of the most impossible shape and impracticable hardness—the seat nicely on a slope, too, so that it was by dint of great dexterity that one could keep on. There was another one in the room, but it was a little worse; and there were two tables in the room—on one the steaming samovar; on the other, the dreary feast of poor Florence and Godfrey—their beef and tongues, harder and a little drier than they were yesterday, and their appetites probably less keen, while their fatigue and actual want of nourishment were proportionally increased. They cannot travel without eating, because they exert themselves; but in illness, when food does not properly nourish, there are some advantages in

abstaining from it, and great facility for doing so. This is a convenience indeed in travelling. But I am arguing and thinking, instead of writing. Just as at Brominikskaia, I mused over Florence's wretched dinner, and forgot to persevere with the portable soup (which she had warmed with her samovar for me) which was, as she herself agreed, more portable than potable. But it did very well, and when we returned to our nest we all felt refreshed.

The weather was cloudy to-day, and we had not so many flies as had teased us the day before; in fact, Florence, after hunting them out last night, exclaimed this morning that it really was cooler; there were only "two select flies" left, and they might stay; for indeed, when once the wire dust-blinds were up, they could not escape. We had this alleviation, and were very thankful for it; for our progress was much more cheering this week

than it could have been during the preceding heats. We soon arrived at Novgorod Volhynski. Godfrey told us to look at the camp ; and, true enough, there it was glittering, while bodies of men were marching up and down, and murmuring. It is always a pretty sight, and suggested just now recollections of all we had heard about the war. Oh, how I longed to see a copy of the *Nord* again, or to grasp the kind hand that had so often brought it to me, or listen again to the clear, graphic explanations of the state of Europe given by my dear Prince Kondacheff, my first host in Russia, and my kind and constant friend until I left it. But I cannot begin speaking of him, or of his household—there is too much to tell ; suffice it to say, that I could wish the traveller in Russia no better introduction, no kinder welcome, than is to be found on the banks of the Vis, or in Kiev “Pa Lipki.”

I am now writing from a far different "Pa Lipki;" however, a truce to recollections, save of the road to Warsaw. We had heard, just before leaving Kiev, of the brilliant victory of Solferino; but no details, save that there had been a tremendous loss on the Austrian side; and it seemed probable that Mantua, Verona, and Venice would be immediately invested, and the French eagle drive the Austrian fairly out of his eyrie in northern Italy. In that case, what would England do? What would Russia do? Russia would be inclined, said the papers, to a French alliance, leaving Prussia to stand by England, and both to assist Austria. This, by the treaties of 1815, we should have been pledged to do, had Austria herself remained true to them; but this she did not, and thus changed the whole face of the question. The moment she sent her troops into Piedmont, she put herself in the wrong,

and absolved us all from the necessity of respecting the treaties with regard to her. Before this, she might be arbitrary, wily, unsatisfactory—retrograde in her internal government, and disreputable in her dealings with foreign states; but, in the actual matter at issue, she was, as Prince Alexander clearly and *cleverly* explained to me (and what did he not clearly and cleverly explain?), “*dans son droit.*” She stood upon the treaties of 1815, to which she owed her preponderance in Italy, and by which she was, if not justified in her conduct towards her own and other states of that country, at least justified as to her presence there. The engagements thus entered into by all Europe did not, indeed, provide for her more recently-extended dreams of ambition; but they did not provide against them. Had Austria kept her temper, she might have kept her power; but, in an

evil moment, she suffered the same temptation as the Emperor Nicholas had suffered in 1853—she allowed herself to be irritated into an act of aggression. She entered the Sardinian States, and thus she produced a *casus belli*. Now, perhaps, in after ages, it will be known that all this was planned, and that the young Emperor was playing a part only throughout, from the passage of the Tessino to that of the Mincio; but if so, he paid dearly for it at the latter, yet more dearly at Villafranca. He accepted a slurred page in history, and a disfigured portrait in the Gallery of Remarkable Sovereigns—what to gain may perhaps be better known ten years hence than now. Ten years hence? *One year* hence, the much-doubted question of National Defences, whether needed or not—the real origin of this carefully-sought

quarrel, and explosion of victories—will be patent to all men. I have always thought it a feint, and part of a disease—of which there have been symptoms ever since 1856, or 1857 at latest—and have maintained from the beginning of the shower of sparks, carefully fanned into a flame by the journalists, whether prompted or not, that Austrian-Italian Independence and Progress was but the “*nom de guerre*” of an enterprise really aimed elsewhere. Time will show. Impulse is unknown to the profoundly-versed actor in the scene; and whether he really orders some events that act like happy chances, or only foresees and makes use of them with consummate skill, may still be a disputed question. But I am inclined to think that, like Molière, he is both dramatist and comedian, and that others will say the same ere long. Whenever rumour speaks of him

or his actions, I always feel that we are not told all; and, like children, shall know more, if we are good, by-and-bye. Nothing shows greater talent, I think, than the very quiet, unpretending manner and bearing of this exile, while he was one. He must then have felt how capable he was of knowing others—for, of course, he perceived that he awakened no suspicion in friend or foe, except by his name and lineage.

I knew him then—I should like to know him now; but I believe no one does. I believe he trusts no one—a good element of success, but a dreary one of life. And dreary and hollow life must be to him, except when his wife and his little son are with him in private, and visions of the child's greatness float before the father's eye. Poor little fellow! perhaps the war in Italy may make him "Roi de Rome!" What a "second title!"

May he be happier than the former bearer thereof, and than that other unfortunate heir to the crown preceding him—that other king without a kingdom, Louis XVII. !

We left the sunny tents far behind us, and journeyed on towards Diednovitch. Visions of tea, &c., half suggested themselves, but Koretz was thought a better point for this. We soon found ourselves in the midst of woods again ; and when we arrived at Koretz, it was so dark that we could but just distinguish that the road was broken up close to the posting-house, so that we had to deviate, and changed horses in a most lovely little *bosquet*, some way therefrom. No chance, therefore, of tea there, and I looked out upon the little erection like a forester's home embosomed among large trees, and thought, of course, that it looked specially interesting—as if the samovar would have boiled more cheerily

there than elsewhere ; but it was particularly to my advantage that we should not halt there, for even a Hebe might have stumbled in bringing me tea from so far, across such broken ground, and trunks of felled trees and open trenches—much more, then, our good awkward Grundmann, with his ever-ready zeal and ungainly movements.

CHAPTER II.

German and Russian Compared—Latin and Slavonic Tongues Compared—Jews in Russia—Their Dress—The Diluvian Patriarchs—Where to Sleep?—My Companions—Confidence between Invalids and their Attendants—Vigoda—Posting Regulations—Difficulties of Railway-making in Russia—The Indignant Spinsters—Room—Russian Roads and Railroads—Tarclaia—Evening Thoughts—“Gruau” and Bread in Russia—Rogozino—Ideas in Russia, Germany, &c.

I speak much of our “refreshing seasons,” because they marked the days, and were our only halts. But while I was still admiring the spot, and wishing I could sketch the groups scattered about this very silvan

scene, our own travelling carriage and “foreign” air, and the fine old trees, we heard Godfrey give the word to move on, and on we moved accordingly. This was about the last time that a truly Russian family surrounded us, and put the horses to—in fact, these were hardly to be called so; but the population, as we moved westwards, became more and more Jewish and Polish looking. German is of more use here than before; but still it is so unlike the German of the West, that it is not easy. There is a strong dislike to this language in Russia, where it is regarded as a weak, sharp tongue—whereas, amongst us it is rather considered to be hard, harsh, *square*. I confess, however, that after the last Slavonic sounds, everything occidental sounds thin. Spanish and Portuguese might be tolerated, for they are rolling and majestic, especially the

former. But to an ear once accustomed to a Russian “l,” to a Russian string of vowels, our own language, the French, German, and Italian, sound very poor, flat, and hissing. The strong dislike to German in Russia seems, however, I think, to arise from its being the language so much used by the Jews; for though living in a land where toleration is established, the Jews are very much despised and contemned. Recently an extension of privileges has been conceded to them; the chief internal trade of the country is in their hands; they live comfortably, grow rich, and are not persecuted. But the abhorrence of them is general and unmitigated; “*c’est Juif cela*” is sufficient to condemn any custom or thing; they must themselves perceive the disgust visible enough on every countenance as they draw near, and the indignant spitting after

passing them ; they must hear the continual use of the term “Juif” as one of reproach. The Israelite is everywhere too painfully made aware that he is not as other men are ; but we, who bear the name of Christ, are sometimes guilty of being very jealous for Him, in ways He cannot approve. He who wept over Jerusalem, and prayed for those who crucified Him, never taught us to be guilty of cruelty, pride, or harshness under cover of His name. To the Israelite, who is an Israelite indeed, light will be accorded—let us not doubt it, let us pray for it ; and may we follow his good example and loyalty to his national religion and customs, his patient endurance of storm and persecution, and his perseverance under difficulties.

They made a great stand to be allowed to retain their national dress—not the flowing garment generally worn in Syria, but

the old Polish coat which they adopted centuries ago, on settling in these parts, and which is now completely abandoned to them. It might be the original, though less highly coloured, of the long, straight skirts so lavishly bestowed upon the Diluvian Patriarchs in every Noah's Ark ever made.

The evening closed quickly in, being grey and cloudy; and the long stage to Vigoda made us all very glad of a late *glass* of tea. It is curious how much better tea and coffee are in a glass than in a cup—I will not say than in a porcelain cup; but taking the chances of life one with another, the rarity of china and the abundance of common wares, and coupling therewith the greater heat retained by the glass, I think the result will surely be in favour of the Russian custom. At all events, for coffee with cream, and for tea with lemon—because the former is rarely hot

enough in a cup, and the latter looks more inviting in a glass, and a slice of lemon is better proportioned to the quantity—it is almost too much for a common tea-cup.

There was no idea of sleeping anywhere to-night, for we were nearly at the roughest part of our way by this time. As there was a proposal of making the carriage stop for some time that we might sleep, I begged it might be done if the others could not sleep while going on ; but not on my account, as I sleep perfectly through all external difficulties, unless I am myself excited or anxious. Florence reluctantly confessed that this was true—she would not have the carriage stopped for her, she said, for though she did not sleep, she thought it would not hurt her ; and in fact I perceived that the desirability of arriving was to-day much more present to all our minds. In fact, after railway-travelling,

horse-speed is not to be feared as exciting; and the great object is not to be more hours in the same position, same garments, and same movement than necessary.

Although, in obedience to Florence's wish, the bedding was all in a separate bundle in the little charrette that accompanied us and bore my luggage, no one proposed spreading it in the little posting-house, and Godfrey left us with the clear conviction that we were to go on all night. He sleeps very well; but I was a little anxious about both my companions—about Godfrey, on account of the weather, which might change, and was going to do so; and about Florence, on account of the great anxiety she had upon her, and which was evidently wearing her out. One could not find it out in her manner,

however—she was as kind, cheerful, and active this day as if she had eaten and slept well, and been at ease; and Godfrey, though I saw much less of him, of course, was also full of considerate thought for me. It was, indeed, a noble act of disinterestedness their leaving England at once and coming so far to find me; not one word of reproach for having put myself so far out of the way, and then staying there till I was too ill (or thought to be so) to travel alone, waiting for me to try new expedients for strengthening; and then bringing me kindly, tenderly, all this way—taking all the care and trouble of it themselves—I passively accepting their forethought, and really making this long journey without any anxiety at all about myself—knowing that every wish would be anticipated, and that, thank God, it was

not an illness that induces many wishes. I had no craving desires for this or that food, amusement, or relief—no nervous fears, no bilious suffering. My pain was difficulty of breathing, and was best relieved by reclining in a sitting position; the carriage being better adapted for that than bed, chair, or sofa; the thirst was troublesome, but Florence's ever-ready king-cup was delicious—and her watchfulness in administering it was incessant. She has yet another great charm as a companion to an invalid—she is ready to amuse or be silent, and she is not afraid of speaking of what may be the end.

Oh, if those with invalids knew how great a comfort this is, and how much more truly unselfish it is to listen than to turn away, when the patient is

one who can calmly look forward — who does not fear the end, nor yet long for it so ardently as to become impatient for it! When both watcher and watched have the moral courage to look at both sides of the question, and to meet it fairly and openly, half the sorrow of the illness disappears, confidence is established between them, a consoling confidence in each other's love and strength. And if this is an immense relief to the invalid, it is also a relief to the watcher. There is of course still anxious fear, but less than when all mention of the subject is avoided.

In fact, it ceases to be fear; “perfect love casteth out fear” most truly in this case. One ought, however, to recollect that it is much worse for the guardian than for oneself; because she must put a restraint upon herself, lest she influence her patient's

views of the case, and confirm erroneous ones; and also because it is harder to speak of any other death than of one's own. I was performing this journey marvellously, thank God, and I trusted to be able to pass on to the end of it; for I should not have liked, chiefly for my companions' sakes, to see my illness increase before we got to Warsaw. Drs. M—— and M—— asserted that I should gain strength on the journey; I was not sensible of this, yet I felt that, if allowed to press on, I should be able to arrive at Warsaw.

One stage from Vigoda, where we were at eleven o'clock; we had to wait for horses. It was late; we were getting sleepy, and I candidly own that I saw little of Goloda, save the post-house on the left hand, and a vehicle of some sort on the other. Until now we had found horses easily enough, but this is not

always the case. One must have a *feuille de route* (podorojne) in order to obtain post-horses, but I believe that the inhabitants sometimes start without one, and manage to procure it, with the rouble ticket no doubt, on the way. Having this *feuille de route*, however, and both our passports all in order, we yet found that horses were not to be had, simply because the posting stud is inadequate to the traffic. The "steam leg" will soon consign all the horses to cross-roads, and much improve trade between the post-towns. One would think this work should proceed rapidly in Russia, where levelling is not needed, where iron is found, where labour costs so little, and where nothing wished for costs too much ; but climate can neither be bought nor levelled, and its inequalities present difficulties beyond the resources of art, cutting, viaducting, and tubular-bridging. In a word, the variation of

expansion and contraction at different seasons is so immense that it is to be doubted how far this obstacle will ever be overcome, so as to allow of Russia being laid down in irons, like her sister lands. Some such thoughts as these were in my mind when I awoke, and, looking out, saw the posting-house on my left hand, the vehicle on my right hand, as before, and Florence, who had gone to sleep before me this time, just opening her eyes. Daylight was already high, and we looked at each other in dismay.

F.—"Why, here we are still."

C.—"This is surely Goloda, where we were last night."

F.—"It is where we were last night, certainly; but was that Goloda?"

C.—"Yes, one stage from Ostrog. I do not see anything of Godfrey or his servant."

F.—"I wonder what it all means. I do not understand it."

C.—"Did you observe what took place in the night?"

F.—"No—did you?"

C.—"Once I thought we were going on, but I was too sleepy to be sure; and now I see we have never moved."

F.—"No, we have never moved; and there is Grundmann coming out of the house rubbing his eyes."

C.—"They made us stand still all night; how very wrong!"

F.—"So they found out we were asleep, and took advantage of it."

C.—"Of course they wanted rest, but they should have said so. It is so unpleasant to be kept in the dark. Godfrey quite agreed last night to go on."

F.—"Yes, perfectly. Well, I will step

out and see what they propose now. I can't bear being treated like a child. Say what you mean, and do it, or give it up, but don't change after all is settled. Only think of all this time wasted—for I am sure it is the same place."

C.—"Oh, yes, it's the same place, no doubt! Well, that is not the way to make strength hold out, wasting time in that manner."

F.—"I will go and speak to Godfrey about it."

She opened the door and jumped out indignantly—I lay still indignantly; but we both were amused when Godfrey came down at length from his perch, very sleepy, placid, and good-humoured, and quite amused at our agitation; but not knowing himself where exactly we were, he went to inquire. Presently he came back again.

“Why, where do you think we are?” asked he.

“Where we were last night, of course—only so much the more time wasted!” we both replied.

“We are at Rovno—at least one stage from it,” said he, gently smiling.

“But we are standing still now,” said Florence.

Godfrey bowed assent.

“It looks like it, certainly,” said he.

All this took place at the carriage-door.

“No; but, Godfrey,” said I, “do tell us what has happened.”

“Nothing,” said he; “we waited a little at Goloda for horses, and we let you stand still two hours this morning—but that is all. The next stage to this is Rovno, and there we will breakfast.”

And so it was settled; but Florence and I

never could understand why the two places were so much alike, and how we could have started, journeyed a stage, and stopped again without waking.

“Proof most convincing,” said I, joyfully, “that we are quite capable of sleeping whether the carriage moves or stands still !” — and this was acknowledged at the time, so that I heard no more either about going into the houses, or stopping the carriage to sleep, and we went on our way joyously.

At Rovno we made rather a longer pause than usual, for toilette and breakfast. Florence and Godfrey generally secured the rooms in the posting-house—alternately, if there were not two — for such brief ablutions as were possible, for hair-brushing and change of collars. Grundmann brought a copper basin of hot water to me in the carriage, and here

I had to perform my toilette with it on my knees; and when I accomplished all before he again came to take it away, and to bring me some tea, I was very glad. He used to be very compassionate, and tell me it was very "*unbequem*" (uncomfortable) for me to travel thus; but I pointed out to him the luxury of having a carriage one need never leave, and where one could have everything one required, and the great kindness of all around me, himself included; for he was always trying to suggest something to give me repose or pleasure, and bringing flowers, or a green sprig, to adorn the carriage.

After breakfast, Godfrey came to the carriage-door, and said, "I have just concluded a bargain, and I hope it is a good one—four pounds (30 roubles) for a horse to take us across to Lusk in eight hours.

The *chaussée* ends here, and there are two roads, and of course competition, but I think this is the best way."

"Is it the way you came?" asked I.

"Yes, I believe it is—at all events, it is said to be the best."

"Are you sure it is the same we came through in the night? I was asleep, I know, and I dare say you were also; and then one does not know much about it—as we saw this morning," said Florence, laughing.

The *chaussée* ends here, for the present, and, probably, never will be completed—for the age of railroads will, in Russia, supervene too quickly; and as they will take but one leap from the private carriage, or telega, or charrette, to the comfortable railway "wagons," as they call them, without ever knowing the comforts and discomforts of other public vehicles, diligences, or mail-

coaches, so, also, they will not have the splendid roads and heavy tolls we rejoiced in so long, but will exchange their earth-roads for the railway.

Lords of the world, we are all their serfs and pioneers for them in the way of invention and adaptation. But they lose much by this sort of eagle-swoop upon western arts—they lose the patient and successive acquisition of new advantages. But, however, this is not to be a diary of Russian life and mind. I must postpone to a future day much that I have to say upon this most interesting topic.

We were now leaving the government of Volhynia; and, as I before said, the preponderance of Polish and Jewish faces became at every stage more marked; in fact, we were already very near the Bug, the line of demarcation—for a few hours'

rolling over the quieter, softer earth-roads brought us to Lusk, a dreary-looking place, where we were to dine. We had fasted longer than usual, because of the engagement with the yamstchik, who had undertaken to do this bit of cross-road in a given time; but Florence never let me suffer on these occasions—for she immediately proffered the excellent tent-wine jelly, which I strongly recommend to all who are in need of constant support, and who may procure it without such difficulty as I experienced while travelling across Russia. She had herself a provision of hard-boiled eggs, which I believe she liked quite as well as the dried meats she had thought it right to bring.

Strengthening Jelly.—Two ounces best isinglass, two ounces white sugar candy; half-ounce nutmeg (grated), half-ounce gum arabic. Put these ingredients into a white

earthenware jar, with a pint of tent wine. Let them stand twelve hours, then put the jar into a saucepan of boiling water, and let it simmer until all is dissolved, then take it out, and set it by to cool. Eat a piece, the size of a walnut, once in two or three hours. The jelly is to remain in the jar in which it is made.

I dined sumptuously in the carriage at Lusk, on another spoonful of this jelly, an egg, and a bit of bread, surrounded by beggars, to one of whom I gave a piece of bread, wrapped up in paper, with an egg. He took it with a grateful smile; but I, from behind my wire blinds, presently saw him put the little packet back again under the coachman's seat—from which I concluded that my compassion had been thrown away upon him.

We were now upon the principal road

again, and posting at the usual rate—from one to three kopecks a horse per verst. A verst is about three-fourths of a mile. It was so long a stage from Lusk, and so tedious over the earth-roads, that the vesper bells were ringing from one church, and the setting sun lighting up the old ruins of another, as we drew the rein in Tarclaia. The population of this place is evidently of Hebrew origin. Great altercation arose as to the number of horses needed to take us to Rogozino. Godfrey's man could not write Russian or German; and the moment this was discovered the bullying was, of course, redoubled. Florence and I sat quietly in the carriage, gazing out at the crimson glow that lit up the ruin of the old church, and listening to the vesper-bell which called the devout population together. Whether it be from

association of ideas, or arises from natural causes, there is always something inexpressibly soothing in the sound of bells at sunset. The cares, the regrets, the worries that hover around us in the morning, and that every sound seems to aggravate, appear to be borne away by the soft breeze of the evening; and this blessed hour of healing comes to soothe the ruffled spirit, and lift up the anxious head. Not only does it bring the thought of death near, as a friendly, welcome visitor, but it also enables us to look forward to life with less feeling of oppression at its cares. In fact, it is at this hour that it is the easiest to give up entirely our own will,—to lie still in God's hand, and to feel that all earthly things are so fleeting, our views of them so imperfect and

variable, that there is nothing sure—nothing safe—nothing to be depended upon, but God and His will concerning us, which is, as we well know, our sanctification. It was on such an occasion that the following verses were written:—

“ Boom, boom, ye slowly pealing bells,
O'er Kiev's fair height;
Ye say, ' the morrow brings a feast—
Prepare to-night.' ”

“ Boom, boom, to the suffering ye say,
On lonely bed,
Where thou hast long lain helplessly,
Lift up thy head. ”

“ Think on thine earthly griefs no more,
Dry up those tears—
God can watch over thy beloved,
Chase all thy fears. ”

“ Know that their time of trial here
New joys shall bring;
That after suffering cometh gain—
Of hope we sing. ”

“ Think, also, that thy weary state,
Thy months of pain,
Are but the vigil of thy feast—
If Heaven thou gain.” *Viola.*

And the bells of Tarclaia spoke the same language—a language of which, perhaps, I was still learning but the alphabet, and I was grateful to those sounds for giving me a fresh lesson in it.

Voices in altercation made me look round, and I saw that, while we were enjoying the sunset and the vesper-bell, poor Godfrey was in the midst of a crowd of angry Jews, vociferating, and insisting upon his having eleven horses, for the road was very bad to Rogozino. It was so dark already that we could scarcely make him see our signals to come near the carriage, and explain to us what was the matter—for to us the scene was very singular. On the right hand, the glowing sky, and the ruined church-tower; on the left, a sort of large cart-shed, and, in the dark corner in front of it, Grundmann,

looking very red and excited. Godfrey, with his variable hat wearing its depressed air, to which his whole figure responded, as he leant against a post, surrounded by a number of long-coated Jews, with lank and dirty hair and faces, gesticulating and screaming in a variety of tones—and in a variety of tongues, too, for they tried Russian, Polish, and Jew-German alternately.

At length Godfrey came to the door, and told us about it, saying at the same time that he thought he should yield. We were content that he should do so. Poor fellow! I was sorry to think how differently from us he had spent the last half-hour; and I must say that I think the state of the roads quite justified the worst that could be said of them. Not that I think the earth-roads unpleasant; in-

deed, they are much more conducive to conversation than the *chaussée*, for there is less noise, and the movement is less fatiguing. It had been sometime dark when we arrived at Rogozino, and lit the carriage-lamp; and we were exceedingly glad of a glass of tea—in fact, I believe that if they had had some “gruau” ready, we should have accepted it; for we had passed between fields of beautiful buck-wheat, which had suggested the idea. Russia is, indeed, famous for her cereal growths, and for the use made of farinaceous food;* but, strange to say, though flour is the basis of the national drink, quass—and this again is the foundation of their principal soups; though varieties of “gruau” form a great article of food with them; yet farinaceous aliment is not, as with us,

* It is made of rye-flour, oat-flour, hops and sugar.

the article most in repute for children and invalids, but quite the reverse—it is often one of the first things forbidden, and is supposed to be anything but a purifier of the blood. Neither are the hundred and one dainties so well known in England to be met with here; but nowhere is such bread to be eaten—nowhere such “gruau” to be enjoyed. It is more like *dry firmity* than anything else, and is served in the caldron in which it is boiled—a little butter and cream or milk added. It is the buckwheat that makes the *gruau noir*. Millet is eaten as *gruau blanc* in the same way; and Indian corn, I am told, also—but this I never saw so dressed.

It was twelve o'clock when the faithful Grundmann brought me a glass of tea—but hours are “nothing to nobody” in Russia; the indifference exhibited to them by both

masters and servants is marvellous. Arrive at whatever hour you like, anywhere, you are always well received; and there is nothing but the presence or absence of candle-light to mark whether it is in the "small hours" of day or of night. No night-capped heads—no undressed figures, with wan faces—no difficulty of obtaining what you require, meets you, as in Germany, if you make your appearance "after supper-time;" or in France and England, if you arrive "before breakfast." No; in Russia your coming at any hour produces but little excitement. You always arrive as if unexpected, because your place is not ready till you arrive; but, then, it is always as an unexpected pleasure that you are received. Your room is shown to you with smiles, and every comfort at command poured upon you. You are

not allowed to count the days of your stay, nor to feel that others are doing so. Dear, noble, hospitable country! Heaven bless thee! Heaven grant thee all that is needed still further to perfect, liberate, and enlighten thee! And grant thee still to preserve thy fine old characteristic virtues—generosity and hospitality. So *warm* to the heart are they, that I had rather have a rafted and rough-floored room in one of thy sons' houses than an apartment in many a splendid castle in other lands.

CHAPTER III.

Crossing the Bug—Poland—Russian Literature—Relics of Russia—Ukrainian Costume—Russian Costume—Stepankovitze—Chaussée—Earth Roads—Steppe Roads—Dryszezow—A Holiday Crew—Storms—Lublin Hospitality—Zabianka—Blind Beggar—Tea—The Tea Table at Matrusoff—Gymnastics—Costume—Olga—Dancing—Mazurka—Warsaw—Kiev—Virtues of Russian Peasants—List of Posting Towns and Expenses.

THOU hast thy splendours, too—more splendid than all—but they are not needed to awaken the longing to revisit thee, dear, kind country, which I have learnt to love so deeply and so tenderly. And now we were on the eve of quitting this

dear land ; for that night's journey brought us to Vladimir Volhynski, where we arrived at five A.M., and wished to hurry breakfast and toilette, so as to cross the Bug quickly, and get to Lublin that night to rest, for we were all getting a little worn. Godfrey looked tired—Florence's eyes were heavy—and I, though lying on pillows, was very glad to turn and get any relief from the constant pressure. I had, moreover, “the night we stood still,” caught cold, or else the fatigue was telling on me, for my voice was almost gone ; but notwithstanding all these cogent reasons for getting quickly on to Lublin, where rest might be obtained—or to Warsaw, where it would be certain—we could not get on. The horses were bought off by the courier of a carriage which came up after ours, and was going the other way (how I envied

that party!), and we had to wait much longer than we liked for horses; and then, just as we were thinking that we might employ the time in administering to ourselves some hot water with soap, externally, and with tea internally, Godfrey announced that all was ready, and that we must postpone our toilette till we reached Uscilug. We were, indeed, disappointed, for we had had visions of a more extended toilette in honour of Sunday; and I even fancied I saw a wicked little glance in Godfrey's eyes, as if he had discovered this, or overheard our plans. And so it turned out he had done, for, if we at all elevated our tone, our words were conveyed through the lantern-hole even to an unintentional auditor; and it appeared that I had spoken with such glee of the prospect of "A little more toilette for Sunday morn-

ing!" that Godfrey had caught the words, and chuckled, on his part, with amusement.

Bright dreams—*Châteaux loin de l'Espagne*—but no less the "baseless fabric of a vision." Our stay at Uscilug was rather more hurried than usual. The mud was excessive, so that there was no temptation to walk about; and poor Florence encountered objects which made this no place to tarry in. And so, quickly packing up our tea and bread, we drove on to the borders of the Bug—here a very shallow stream—and, crossing it, were in the kingdom of Poland. The difference is, of course, but nominal, yet it was another stroke of the knell to all my plans and projects; in fact, I felt as if earthly plans and projects had no more interest for me—as if my career were over, and my work done;

and this idea was very welcome. My thoughts were always hovering round those whom I had left, and I was anxious, most anxious, to hear that it was well with them. A Russian author says, that separation is like a rivulet, at whose fountain-head friends on opposite banks may walk, holding hands; by-and-bye, as they proceed further from its source, it widens, so that they can but converse across it, then speak at intervals, then call, and then make signs—till, at last, they can only see each other faintly before they vanish from sight altogether. It is too true. I have translated this fragment, and added it to some of Lermontov's verses at the end of this book; and glad, indeed, shall I be if these little attempts induce any other person to study the beautiful originals, and to explore the riches of this semi-Oriental and nearly unknown litera-

ture. I know, most beautiful language, that I have not done justice either to thee or to thy poet; but how render into Anglo-Saxon the varied harmonies and endless inflexions of thy sounds? Or into my own manner, the wild music and rich redundancy of thy poet's thoughts and expression? I have done my best, and only wish to induce others to do infinitely better.

We here lost sight of the gilt cupolas of Waesn; there are but one or two in this town, and we felt that the Greek Church, and its Byzantine architecture, were to meet our eyes no more. I had brought with me some lamps as memorials thereof, and some beautiful souvenirs from my dear kind friends; moreover, a Ukrainian costume, consisting of a short woollen petticoat, a plain piece of cloth girt round the body, and opening in front; it is covered by a thick

serge apron, or an embroidered shift; a cap of gold brocaded stuff upon a wide muslin veil, and a many-coloured belt, complete the costume. In Russia Proper, or Great Russia, the dress is much prettier; it is of handsome materials and fine colours—dark blue, crimson, or purple—upon a petticoat of wool or of dimity, a body very low, before and behind, with straps over the shoulders, and no sleeves, and a long-sleeved, very white embroidered shift; upon the head a kakoshnik of velvet. It is thus that the nurses are always dressed, and, with their rows of amber and coral beads around their necks, they look very handsome. Of course this *sarafane*, as the dress is called, may be made of chintz, and this material is both cooler and cheaper, but it is by no means so pretty, or so peculiar in appearance.

The servants in the houses, and the women in the towns, do not wear this costume. The most general dress for both men and women, in their ordinary country occupations, is a coarse brown or white upper coat, descending only to the mid-leg for the women, and a little lower for the men. The latter wear jack-boots generally; the former in bad weather only. This costume prevails in the southern and western governments, and even in Poland, though the proper Polish costume is very gay and pretty, but too well known to require description here. Besides, I am bound to record only my personal experiences—the prisoner of the plank must be faithful to it!

At Stepankovitze, a cheerful halting-place, we had the very singular fate of finding no one at home—a respite for our Sunday travelling, as I thought. However,

on the ringing of a bell by our postilion, some individuals were soon made aware of our appearance; and coming across the fields, apparently very much amused at the circumstance, they quickly brought out the horses, and, putting them to, speeded us on our way. I was looking out for cases of *Pleia Polonica*, but had seen none yet; and I hope that this horrible scourge is disappearing. We were now again upon the *Chaussée*, and I suppose we liked the change—female mankind generally like a change—but it is decidedly more fatiguing.

Here the earth-roads are still roads, but in the south of Russia the tracks are sometimes quite a field in breadth, every one crossing the steppes as he likes; and as they are equally wide and level, there is no reason why he should take his predecessors ruts as a guide; he prefers driving alongside of

them in a new place. It is very fine driving along these mighty fields, without boundary, without variety of crops, spreading out grandly in their vast monotony, which is like that of a desert, and greater than that of the sea or of mountains; for the former, by its own restlessness, the latter, by that of the clouds, are perpetually varying "in lights and shadows beautiful." Fast, fast, however, were we now departing from this dreamy and poetic region, and speeding towards the west, leaving my zest and appetite for the East far from satisfied.

Clouds gathered thickly over us, as we proceeded towards Dryszczow, a lonely-looking place, consisting of only a few houses on the side of a piece of waste land. No horses again here; so we dined, Florence and Godfrey in the house, and I in the carriage, as usual; and when they came back, Florence

only got in because it was raining, and poor Godfrey walked up and down in the pelting shower, hoping to see horses brought out, and looking so wretchedly chilled that I was quite frightened, and longed to propose to him to go in and lie down, at least till the horses came. I was anxious, indeed, for his sake, that we should spend the night in this place. Florence, when she had heard the plan, tried to persuade him to listen to it also, but the rain was now too violent; he was already in his hood; and when we spoke to him through the lantern, he declined her offer. I believed he was already wet through, and was much alarmed for him, but tried to persuade myself that he would yield to us at Chelm if he were no better when we arrived there.

Horses came at length, but not until we had been somewhat amused by another party

of travellers, who came in an open carriage, and seemed to think the rain capital fun. The fact that they were all young men and school-boys may perhaps account for this. They had with them an old man, or rather elderly tutor, whom they appeared to consider an excellent object of fun also; and he was so good-humoured and patient under the infliction of the various tricks to which they put each other up, that I quite admired him, while Florence sympathized with the glee of the young fellows, which was, indeed, enlivening. Being foiled in our plans for Godfrey's benefit here, we still hoped to be able to make known our desire to him, and prevail upon him to listen to reason. The whole stage was passed in the most drenching rain, shutting out all prospect, and making me very much afraid that on our arrival at Warsaw I should find Godfrey ill of

rheumatic fever, ague, or some other disease arising from exposure. Poor fellow! a sad requital for all his care of me! Well, at Chelm we tried again to penetrate to him, but in vain; we could make neither Grundmann nor himself hear. "Well, then, at Siedliszcze;" said we, "we will have tea, and make Godfrey sleep in the house." There was some unexpected stoppage, however, to allow the horses to rest, I believe, before we reached Siedliszcze, and a lull in the rain enabled us to make known our desire to Godfrey, who gladly acceded to it. To our great surprise, therefore, no sooner were we arrived at this place, than we found ourselves moving off again; and calling to Godfrey, we obtained an explanation, which in fact was none at all—"Grundmann says it will be better at the next place." At the next place, accordingly, the samovar

was called for, and we had a brief tea; but Devanka did not suit Godfrey for a resting place, and he told us Piaski would be better. Piaski *should* be better, for it is at a point where the road from Krasnystaw falls in; but, for some unexplained reason, we again rolled on from Piaski also, as soon as the horses and Grundmann trotted out in dry clothing; and, after some hours' sleep, found ourselves again in daylight, and still moving.

“That poor Godfrey!” we exclaimed (for it had evidently rained all night), “he must go to bed at Lublin!” We reached Lublin at five A.M., and sent Grundmann to tell Godfrey to change his wet clothes, go to bed, and do what he liked for three hours, while we would sit in the carriage.

In much less than three hours, however,

Godfrey appeared quite *tidy*, and sent Grundmann to fetch me to the one room of the hotel. It was certainly a wonderful erection that hotel, and a wonderful journey we had in it, up one creaky staircase, and past another, along odoriferous corridors, and over fragrant courts, dark, and somewhat slippery; but I was carefully led by Florence and Grundmann, and arrived, tired, but safe, in the room reserved for us, where we made our toilette, and ordered breakfast. Hot cutlets for Godfrey I insisted upon, and much pleased was he to see them. Having made a good breakfast, he professed himself quite able again to proceed.

On their former journey they had been directed to a very kind lady, Madam Forte, living here, who gave them an excellent dinner, and made them heartily welcome; and Florence had wished very

much that I should seek her hospitality this time. In fact, they had been told that if they presented themselves anywhere at a gentleman's house, saying that they were tired strangers and travellers, rest and refreshment would be hospitably offered them; and they made me promise, before leaving Kiev, that if I felt ill or exhausted, I would try the truth of this by sending in my card. The properties are so large, however, that we did not very often see a house; and though once we did so, and Florence urged me very much to try the experiment, I did not feel *ill or exhausted enough* to desire hospitality of utter strangers, and we pushed on to Korcek that day.

We left Lublin, which is rather a good town, equal to Jitomir, and superior to any between these two, refreshed in body

and cheered in mind, by the prospect of ending what Florence calls "our land journey," in another 24 hours at furthest. There is no beauty in the country, nor in the land, now crowned with its hay harvests; but it looked, to our eyes, cheerful, for we felt that much had been already performed. I was truly thankful to God for having been brought all this way without causing any additional alarm or discomfort to my dear, faithful, and tender companions. At Jastikov we saw something like a diligence. I suppose it was the malle-poste; but when we inquired if one could not travel by such a conveyance, we were assured that none such existed, and that the letters were all transmitted by courier transit.

At Zyrzyn, where we dined, I was amused to hear a regular grinding organ

whining out polkas. This was certainly accordant with the "couleur locale," but the weary sound fell unpleasantly upon my ears.

We passed on, and were not much struck with the scenery in general; but Zabianka is pretty richly environed with lofty beeches and elms, under which Florence and Godfrey, glad to see the sun shine again, walked on some way before our horses came. I do not know why, but some cheerful feelings came into my mind there; perhaps because I saw a poor blind beggar, under a tree, look delighted when a piece of black bread was given to him; and I thought how little life could really signify to him, that he should thus grasp at the means of prolonging it. Perhaps he was simply hungry, but at all events he was not out of heart with life yet. Separate and severe afflictions may not dimin-

ish, but even increase, the natural appetite ; but when life seems shut out—when death looks much more inviting than life, and strength wanes, and hope and joy are seen far nearer through the dark valley than through the wide plains of life—*can* one receive eagerly a bit of bread or a cordial draught to re-animate the feverish thing called life ? We *can*—we *do*—or we are Suicides !

Night soon closed in after we left Zabianka and its silvan environs ; and at the next stage we hungrily asked for a samovar, though it was but half-past eight.

“ Our last samovar—if indeed you have them still at all,” exclaimed I.

“ Yes, indeed,” said Emily ; “ I made tea with one last night at Devanka—but I suppose we shall see no more of them now ; and it is a great pity, for they make tea so much better than any other contrivance for doing so.”

While she spoke, my thoughts had wandered back to the bright enormous samovar that used to send forth its welcome column of steam at six o'clock every evening at Matru-soff; and to the dear faces that used to congregate, I must not say around, but *along* the table. The delicious cream, the tempting platters of *bubliki* (a kind of round cracknel, but far nicer than any cracknel) on snow white cloths—the rich earthenware bowls of *kaimak*, a sort of Devonshire cream, and *variniatz* (curds and cream on a grand scale), that, coming from a dairy where ice abounded, were most refreshingly cold on the hottest day—all these completed the picture. And then the gay light converse, the friendly intercourse, that made my six o'clock summons the most welcome time of the day! Then the evening walk that followed, or the lying on the grass, or the roving up

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and down in the shade ; while the young and active flew round in the *Pas de Géant*, or performed some other gymnastic feat, in appropriate costume ! I think I see you now, dear Olga, beloved child, rich in all your strength and your agility, engaging in one feat after another, and excelling in all. I see you, too, later, dressed as a Spanish girl, dancing the *Cachucha* ; and anon I see those same active little feet climbing up where there seemed to be no footing, and the same hands that held the castanets, and played them with true Spanish effect, grasping a hammer and nails, and putting up *extempore* curtains and blankets, and preserving from even the chance of draught a poor invalid stranger. I see those same hands milk the cow at the door, that the rich foaming draught might be the more quickly carried in to soothe and support the sufferer. God bless thee, dearly-loved child, for these

and many other tender, touching acts of willing service! He knows that they were not bestowed on an unmindful or ungrateful spirit. He saw and noticed, not only the kind impulses, but the steady care that during many months never ceased nor varied! May He grant thee long thy present joyous health, and when at length, as it must be, sorrow or suffering is thy fate, mayest thou find, a thousandfold, the patient and zealous care and affection thou didst bestow upon me! Dear, dear child, shall I ever see thee again?

It was dark, and I was glad of it, for that vision of the tea-table at Matrusoff had awakened many sad thoughts, and I was not disposed to speak.

As we arrived at Garoolin, we heard music and dancing—some *fête* or wedding, perhaps, was going on. I remember catching the well-known sound of the Mazurka, and imme-

diately the figures I knew so well darted across the scene. I saw, especially, Prince Alexander, Nicolai Petrovitch, and Nicolai Sergeitch, the two latter in Russian costume ; but had they really been present, I doubt if I should have been more shaken by their sudden apparition, and by the reminiscence of all the claims of love and gratitude that bind me to Russia which it would evoke. Kiev and Matrusoff in particular filled all my heavy thoughts, from which, indeed, they are never absent ; and all the dear inhabitants, from the most admired and beloved of my friends down to the darling little child of eighteen months, whom I had watched from his birth, and who could never see me unhappy without insisting upon being brought to kiss and console me ; my beautiful, clever little Prince Serge, and his new-born brother Jean, were with me in memory, and I longed to take the reins

and place myself once more among them all.

Was this ungrateful to the dear guardians who were bringing me away? I think not; I think the larger, deeper, and warmer a heart is, the more will it love *all*:—

“Some for virtue, some for grace,
Some for spirit, some for face,
Some for these and Nature’s ties,
Some (without them) blood-allies;
Some for burning gratitude,
Some for trials fierce and rude,
Some for sorrows nobly stemmed,
Some for pleasures sunshine-gemmed;
Some for all this dear Love’s power,
Breathing like a night-sweet flower,
Comfort out of deepest night,
Till it turn to chastened light!
God be with all (such my prayers)
Who thus link my heart to theirs!”

I remember but little more till we arrived at Milosa at 5 A.M., when we felt that we were indeed approaching Warsaw. And at half-past six we drew up at the Octroi. I am sure we had “rien à déclarer,” for our pro-

visions were finished ; and we, at all events, were not strictly inspected or searched, but were allowed to proceed quietly to our destination in the town.

Warsaw did not impress me at all at first ; and I think my predominant feeling, that it was not Kiev, was of course against it. Very different, indeed, is it from the Holy City of Russia, with her bright, pure face gleaming through a transparent atmosphere, standing lightly poised on a craggy hill, and embowered, nevertheless, in trees and gardens. Kiev is Edinburgh without smoke and under an Eastern sky—the prettiest and most appropriate image of La Sainte Vierge to be found among towns.

There is not one nation, I believe, in civilized Europe—certainly not a capital, really deserving such a distinction—in which the people are so devotional, so

heartily religious, as they are in Russia; and due testimony to this, and to their other virtues, has just been rendered by no partial pen, that of a countryman of my own, one who knows Russia well, and who is led away by partiality in no case, and certainly not in this. He will, I am sure, excuse me for quoting his words; nor is this the first occasion on which I have trusted to his kindness, and found it unfailing. Let these few words suffice for the present; when I write an account of my residence in Russia, his valued acquaintance will not be so briefly dwelt upon. He says:—"Russian peasants are remarkably polite, charitable, and religious (the reason of the former qualities, probably), and the state of security in which one lives here would not easily be believed. As an instance, I may mention to you how I am now living. In the

village where the peasants live, belonging to my friend, about eight miles from this place, there are only his house and offices, a court-yard, and sheep-sheds for a very fine flock of Merino sheep; for here he has a large piece of land in one undivided lot. The house door is never fastened, neither is my bed-room door, and very seldom that of my friend. My bed-room window, on the ground floor, looks into the garden, and I generally have it open at night, on account of the intense heat. I, one night, left my watch, &c. on the table, near the window; as the shutters were not closed, the watchman, whose duty it was to make the rounds on this side, saw by the moonlight how unwise I had been; he merely closed the shutters! I do not mean to say that the people here never steal, but during twenty years' residence in the country I never locked the house door. House-robbing

is not yet in vogue amongst the peasantry—they are not yet arrived at that degree of civilization!”

This is the testimony of a by no means prejudiced observer. If I may be accused of so great a love for Russia as to let it colour all my views, his word may be taken as impartial. All who are really acquainted with the country and the people lament their being so little known to the rest of Europe; the Russians, indeed, know Europe well, being particularly keen and intelligent travellers, and no language offering any obstacle to their observations. The Russian knows Europe—but Europe knows not the Russian at home in his noble country.

For the benefit of future travellers, I subjoin a list of the posting towns, and the distances between them. Were the projected railway completed, this

would be needless; but my book, if ever in print, will be published before that time. The names are taken from a Polish postal map, and therefore the Russian spelling, much to my regret, will not be found there : —

Waesgana, $19\frac{1}{2}$.	Luck, $27\frac{1}{2}$.
Milosua Dombroon, $21\frac{1}{2}$.	Rowno, 30.
Garvolin, 23.	Guleya, 22.
Gonczyce, $13\frac{1}{4}$.	Ostrog, $22\frac{1}{2}$.
Zabianka, $12\frac{1}{4}$.	Golwlu, 20.
Moszczanka, $12\frac{3}{4}$.	Vygoda, $17\frac{1}{2}$.
Zyrzyn, 12.	Korzec, $18\frac{1}{2}$.
Kurov, 14.	Diedwicz, 13.
Jastikov, $18\frac{3}{4}$.	Novgorod-Volhynski, 17.
Lublin, a large town, $10\frac{1}{4}$.	Bronnikskaia, $14\frac{1}{2}$.
Piaski, $22\frac{1}{2}$.	Loszanowskaja, $12\frac{1}{4}$.
Devanka, $22\frac{1}{2}$.	Rudinienskaia, 15.
Siedliszcze, $24\frac{1}{2}$.	Beorzowskaja, $20\frac{1}{2}$.
Chelm, 19, tolerable town.	Zytomierz, or Jitomir,
Dryszczov, $18\frac{3}{4}$.	large town, $17\frac{3}{4}$.
Stepankovitz, end of	Konitowskaja, 17.
Chaussée, $20\frac{1}{2}$.	Karoslysgowskaja, $11\frac{3}{4}$.
Uscilug, on the Bug Fron-	Korozerowskaja, $12\frac{1}{2}$.
tier, $20\frac{1}{2}$.	Stavisgegenskaja, $14\frac{3}{4}$.
Rosgoyrin Volhynski, $113\frac{1}{2}$.	Zarowskaja, $18\frac{1}{2}$.
Rogozi, 22.	Bazowskaja, $12\frac{3}{4}$.
Tarcliun, $25\frac{3}{4}$.	Kiev, $21\frac{1}{2}$.

We found, for 247 versts, that there was an entire change of system, and that *Chaussée-geld*, instead of tolls, was demanded; but the whole journey, including provisions and a chariot for the luggage, cost us only 326 roubles (54*l.*) Of course the towns are mentioned in the list in the order in which they occur, starting from Warsaw, for that is the most likely route for unpractised travellers. And I would strongly advise all who can procure a carriage to spend sixty or eighty roubles in doing so, and not to attempt to leave it during the night. Provisions must be carried also—wine, brandy, tea, sugar, candles if in winter, portable soup, cold meat, bread, eggs, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

Warsaw—Impressions of the Town—Visits—Monsieur D—
 —Polish Language—Condition of Poland—Emancipation
 in Russia—England's Sage Politics—Useful Prejudices
 — Winter-Quarters—Dr. Wolff—Fiat—Plans—The Vis-
 tula—Breslau—Despatching “Treasures” to London—
 Ludovica—Lilla—“Gracious Lord”—Contents—Olga on
 Plants.

WE drove through the Jews' quarter, and
 across the Vistula to the Grande Place.
 Warsaw was less old and venerable-looking
 than I had expected ; and when we drove up to
 the Hôtel de l'Europe, and were received into
 the apartments ordered for us so kindly some

time ago, there was nothing to remind one of the dark and sad pages of history that Warsaw had filled—nothing, in short, to remind one of anything but the invitations to take care of the outward man that met us on all sides. And we yielded to them—ordered breakfast, and, after enjoying it, proceeded to unpack, after which I thankfully retreated to bed ; not yet, however, aware of the amount of fatigue I had undergone. I was still so much pleased and excited at having accomplished what had been deemed a somewhat difficult and hazardous undertaking, that I was quite unaware of the cost. I did, however, and do still assert, that the difficulties of such a journey have been very much overstated ; and that to those *who know how to do it*, travelling from Kiev to Warsaw is by no means a tremendous undertaking. At the same time, I do not forget that the burden, whatever it was, was most

carefully kept from *me*, and that I judge much more by what I saw others bear, than by what I had to bear myself.

The first day or two we were in Warsaw we had no visitors, and though, after this, some began to drop in, they were not, on the whole, very numerous. The English friends who had been so kind to Florence and Godfrey on their former cheerless journey were now settled for the summer at their pretty villa, at Villanov, where they pressed Florence and Godfrey to drive out, and spend an evening or two. They also kindly begged me to do the same, and offered to send their carriage for me ; but I was not able to profit by the tempting offer ; and hot and airless as Warsaw was, remained in my room and bed till we left it for Breslau.

When kind friends, Polish, French, and English, began to find us out, their visits were

a great source of pleasure to me ; and though I could not contribute much to their amusement, my voice being rather under an “extinction,” they were all lively and entertaining, disposed to bear with a good listener, and kind enough to find enjoyment in amusing her.

In citing some of their remarks, I shall not always give the names, nor shall I indeed name all whom I knew there, but I must mention one or two who particularly interested me.

I was lying comfortably one day, propped up by numerous pillows, and thinking over our journey with due and thankful remembrance of the strength so marvellously bestowed, whereby I had been enabled to rise from my bed and undertake such an exertion, when generally the shortest drive or walk would fatigue me for several days. I

was thinking also of the kind, watchful, unwearied care of my dear sister and brother, who, spite of all my efforts to bear my own burden, had done all that human tenderness could do to bear it for me, to prevent my feeling oppressed by its weight, when we suddenly heard a low tap at Florence's door, and a handsome head appeared, announcing that M—— D—— was in the next room, and wished to see me. Directly he appeared, I was struck by his likeness to a very great friend of mine—and the sight did me good at once, and disposed me doubly to enjoy the long and animated conversation that followed. A Frenchman by birth, much attached to Poland, and long resident there, his views of the nation and language were particularly clear and entertaining. It seems that the language is almost as difficult as the Russian, the declensions and inflexions

being still more varied, though the characters used being the Roman, and many of the words being German, or Germanesque, a stranger like myself has much greater chance of making a successful guess as to their correct pronunciation and meaning. But one cannot quite trust to this, for even if he supposed himself sure of the Russian word, and uttered it with a perfect conviction that it expressed his meaning, very possibly a blank look would be the only recompense—the Polish equivalent being derived from the German ; while, on the other hand, if, profiting by this experience, one should confidently ask for something else in German, or Germanesque, the probability is that he would be equally foiled, the word required in this case being pure Slavonic.

The condition of Poland is now far happier than it was, but it is still a vanquished

nation, a conquered people, and has all the characteristics thereof.

Nations may be conquered, nationalities never, especially where the religion of the victor and the captive states is opposed ; but Poland is peaceable and prosperous at present, and the people are in this respect happier than those of Russia, that they have their liberty. The work of emancipation is now proceeding in Russia also, and however much one may regret the suffering it entails, one must rejoice that the birthright of every man, his personal liberty, is being restored to him. That the Russian peasant will be the poorer, the dirtier, the more miserable, after his emancipation, at least for some years, I doubt not ; that the whole thing might have been better done, there is no question—and that the nobility might have been more impartially trusted, and allowed to co-operate with freer

agency in the work, is not to be contested ; but they have nobly accepted it, and are, with few exceptions, so fondly loved and looked up to as the providence of their people, that the difference will be nominal as to their relative positions, though the financial loss to proprietors must be at first very considerable. In the end, they say, both parties will be gainers ; and I am sure I hope this will prove true.

This subject, of course, did not interest my guest so much as myself, for he had only once been a little way into Russia, when some passport informality sent him back again, and discouraged him so much that he never renewed the effort. He was very clever and entertaining, and knew many people by reputation, who were old friends of mine, both in public and private life. But though it was a pleasure to hear him speak, and to trace his French origin amid his engrafted Polish ideas, I found

myself still hungering for the brilliant conversation and the genial warmth of that other older friend of whom he had so vividly reminded me on his first appearance.

When M—— D—— was gone, Florence, who had been present part of the time, said, “I have found a likeness for your friend—can you guess it?”

“Of course, Lord G——? I hoped you had seen it also; it did me good directly he came into the room.”

“Why did he call? How did he know that we were here?”

“Madame D—— had a letter to warn her of our imperial approach, and they have been looking for us ever since our names were up as having taken rooms here. And as I was inquiring for them, Grundmann came in, while M—— D—— was here, to complain that he could not find them.”

“ Was that what amused M—— D—— so much? There was such a noise in the Place, that I could not hear much of your conversation. Does he like Poland?”

“ Very much; he has been here years, and I think will be very sorry next year when he has left it. I begged him to come to England.”

“ You beg every one to come to England. Considering how little you are there yourself, you do the patriotism uncommonly well!”

“ Yes, I like sending people to *see* England, better than talking about her. I only wish all would look at her with as impartial eyes as M. Montalembert has done.”

“ *Impartial!*” Florence laughed. “ Did you see his pamphlet?”

“ No, I never received it. But, Florence, do you know that I never had a correct idea of England’s real importance till I knew

how she was considered by other nations?"

"No, really — was it with praise or blame?"

"Neither precisely, or both; but there is a certain way of referring, on all occasions, to what England will do or think, which shows the space she occupies in their thoughts; how much larger and more important a place is, in fact, assigned to her in political than in physical geography!"

"And in moral geography, larger than in either."

"Yes, I suppose so; and even that less than she might hold perhaps, were we a less prejudiced nation."

"Perhaps our prejudices, or the reputation of them, may be of more use to us than we are aware," said Florence.

As she spoke, I felt that this was true; and that many points upon which the English are

often ridiculed are by no means useless as outposts of our national character. I replied, nevertheless—

“It may be so, yet how little ought any peculiarity of national sentiment to be called *prejudice*! We want a more respectful word for opinions, peculiar, perhaps, but not to be scorned.”

I was getting prosy; but, to Florence's relief, Godfrey here called her to dinner, and I was left to get up an appetite for my “collation,” as some hotel bills call it, of fruit and vegetables, both of which are good and abundant in Warsaw.

We were sitting together a morning or two afterwards, when, in reply to some observation of mine, Florence asked me if I had any particular wish regarding a place where I should be sent for the winter.

“No,” I replied, “except that I had rather

it were to a new place, now I am no longer alone ; but it is useless trying to seek a place yet, for until we reach Berlin, and hear the result of the consultation there, all must be vague, all must be uncertain."

I thought I was getting prosy again, for Florence's eyes were wandering to the door ; but the object of her pre-occupation soon appeared in the form of a small but alert old gentleman, about sixty-five years of age, with snowy hair and fresh lively eyes and skin.

"Madame is ill?" he inquired.

I told him that I had sent for him because I did not recover from the fatigue of the journey—that I found my voice weaker, &c.

He sat down and carefully examined me ; during which process I as carefully examined him, and satisfied myself that his wishes were few, his temperament sanguine ; his feelings quick, but soon soothed ; his penetrative

powers considerable ; and that his reasoning would be clear and succinct. I felt also that he could be trusted ; there was nothing of conventional pomposity about him ; he was delicately bright and clean, and not perfumed. I do not like a perfumed doctor ; but that is a prejudice, for perfume is often used to avoid infection or contagion.

Ere I had finished my critique, he was ready to tell us what he thought. He said that care, &c., were necessary, but that there was no disease—nothing to fear.

“ Fear !—I do not fear ; but I wish every one were habitually veracious—it would be so very much more convenient to know,” as I remarked yesterday to Florence, and rather shocked her by so doing.

The next day he came again, and rather alarmed me. I was up, and crossing the room to fetch a bottle of water. He came

in behind me ; he made me lie down—noticed that I could not speak to him, and waited until I recovered a little ; then, having found me alone, entered at once into my state ; and though still repeating that there was nothing to fear, desired me to go to Eaux Bonnes directly, and to Pau for the winter. This, as he had seemed yesterday to think a warm climate not needed, inclined me more to follow his advice than if he had “followed suit” at first. It did seem a tremendous journey—quite across the map, from Kiev to Eaux Bonnes. Should I ever accomplish it? I did not *feel* as if it were likely ; yet the same Power that had led me from Kiev, where I lay always *on* my bed, and the least exertion made me unfit to speak without fatigue—all through these five days’ and nights’ journey—could, if He saw fit, bring me safely to Eaux Bonnes. I should have strength for each

successive effort, fearful as the whole now appeared.

And I think it looked even more fearful to my dear guardians' eyes, when, on their return home from church, I told them the proposal, and asked for their consent to the letter already written, in which I informed my dear mother of my projected journey. They never hesitated, except to ask me if I did not feel afraid of undertaking such a journey. To which I, of course, replied, No; and it was said in all sincerity. I did not see how I was to accomplish it, but I felt sure that I should be aided. We decided to keep the letter twenty-four hours at least; because our last news from England was, that a large family party would meet us at Berlin, and we thought this somewhat sudden change of plan might seem a little cavalier. We had also a faint hope of having something else proposed,

either by the doctor, or by some of our friends in England, that might harmonize all the former suggestions.

But no, the doctor was staunch, and the post brought no letters. Florence and Godfrey were therefore unanimous in their opinion that I had better send the letter; and accordingly I did so. Messrs. Bradshaw, and many other referees, now assisted us to find the easiest and shortest route from Warsaw to Eaux Bonnes—avoiding, if possible, Frankfort, which I especially wished to do. Berlin was condemned, and therefore all the parties of pleasure arranged for us by the kind British Consul must be declined. Florence and Godfrey had been out to his villa at Villanov, to escape from the hot town, and drink tea under the elms; and there they had been advised to go down the Vistula by steamer to Thorn, on the way to Breslau, rather than

go by railway, and sleep at Myslowitz, which they were told was a wretched place. I, however, was not afraid of seventeen hours travelling to Breslau, going during the night, and reminded my hearers of the very small portion getting to Jitomir in seventeen hours had formed in our late journey.

They looked oracular at this, and their expression seemed to intimate that they did not think the said journey had been particularly useful or improving to me. The doctor was to be consulted. What patient, invulnerable tempers doctors ought to have!

Mine certainly had; he smiled, entered into the question, and decided that, as travelling by night was cooler, quicker, and quieter, it was the best for an invalid. So I record this for the benefit of other invalids. We were to go to Dresden, therefore, and Breslau—to Breslau by the evening train. This

being settled, it became a question how we could lighten our immense quantity of luggage by sending some things home to England.

“A box to England!” said Florence; “but if they are all moving, who would receive it there?”

We had received an intimation, as I said, that our dear people were thinking of joining us “somewhere.”

“I think the person who is the most likely to be in town will also be one who will arrange it all excellently for me—P. H. P., my valued P. H. P.—Philip the Great.”

“And what will you send to Philip the Great? All the Russian treasures?”

“No, no; consider, Florence, if I do not return for some time myself, how disagreeable not to know if they are safe! If I were sure *never* to return, I should still like to

have them with me. But if we *do* send a box to England by sea——.”

“Of course,” said Godfrey, entering, “it will contain all the Russian valuables and curiosities!”—making us quite a curiosity in the way of grimace.

“No, no,” cried I, finding myself attacked on all sides; “I intend to keep them with me.”

“Is it quite certain you go to Eaux Bonnes?”

“Yes, quite; I asked about Ems, but the walking was an objection—quite necessary with those waters—I cannot do it. Ischl is too near the seat of war, and there are few other pulmonic springs.”

“We must therefore go to Dresden. Have you told your maid not to go on to Berlin, if she misses you at Breslau?”

“No, I must see her directly.” And I sent for her. This maid, by-the-way, was a

recent acquisition. My brave sister had come out to me, from London to Kiev, without one; and though I had one kindly lent to me, I could not in charity carry her out of the country, as she only spoke Russian and her native Polish. Poor Ludovica! a better, more contented, affectionate, and faithful “follower” never existed. How often have I longed for her ever-ready, never-officious services, since the day I left her weeping at the door of the Hôtel des Eaux Minérales, at Kiev! And now, that I might not exert myself for myself, Florence wished me to have another; and that she might not exert herself for both of us, I consented; and Apollorim Kaiser was the person who presented herself. Her former lady, the Countess G——, very kindly came to see me, and gave a very satisfactory account of her; and now said that Apollorim was to go to the family estates at Posen, to

fetch some of her property, and meet us at the Golden Goose in Breslau, or follow us to Berlin. I sent for her, to tell her that Dresden was now our destination.

“Oh, gracious lord!” she replied, addressing me, “it would be much more convenient if the gracious lord would go to Berlin.”

“But, Lilla,” said I, smiling, “such is not our intention; we are going to Dresden, and if you go to Berlin we shall never meet. Mind you are at Breslau by Sunday evening.”

“Yes, gracious lord; but I am sure the gracious lord would not go on and leave me.”

Bidding her not trust to that, I dismissed her—hoping that, before she finally came to us, some one would tell her not to call me “gracious lord.”

And so it proved, for this was the last

we heard of this strange and startling appellation.

The turning-point of our destination being thus settled, and the question of sending a box to England also decided, there only remained to select the objects it was to contain, the route it was to go, and the address it was to bear. Our kind friend, the Secretary of Legation, promised to forward it to his early companion, Philip the Great, and we furnished him at last with the following whimsical list of its contents :—

Warm clothing, books and papers, black satin pelisse, lined with fur ; monkey muffs and cuffs, Russian perfumes, two boxes of Russian bon-bons, Russian coffee-pots, white Greek lamps, and, carefully enveloped in stockings, the feet of my beloved little Olga modelled in plaster—not at all advantageously, it must be confessed, for it was difficult to recognize in

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them the graceful little members that I had so often watched, glancing and gleaming through the characteristic dances, which she executed quite like a *danseuse*, so light, so agile, and so graceful was she. Her very remarkable talent existed, moreover, without any vanity or affectation, perhaps the best proof of its being a real gift.

And these were the contents of the box, and much laughter will it no doubt occasion whenever it arrives; unless, indeed, its contents should be in the same state as a beautiful specimen of sugar, from a sugar manufactory, given to me by Prince Alexander, which arrived at Warsaw in a state of powder, undistinguishable, as sugar, save to practised eyes. I hope better things for this cargo, and that my furs will be duly consigned to a good furrier, my perfumes, treasures, and *bon-bons* properly valued, and my Olga's feet nicely

copied. A beautiful hand, however, that I had kept with me, intending to have it copied in marble, was so broken and injured, that I fear no art ever will be able to reproduce it. This is a great loss to me; for, independent of its intrinsic beauty, it was a very dear memorial of times for ever fled, of the kindness of one most fondly loved, and of the constant visits paid to my room throughout the long illness that finally caused our separation. This was given in its early days, before I even knew that I must leave Russia; and a very precious relic I have always considered it.

Long before this business of the box was finally settled, we had many discussions as to what could possibly be parted with; and the result was, as it ever is in such cases, that we found the things which we could renounce to be very few indeed—certainly not the relics

of times gone by—they were too dear; unless, as in the case of the pelisse, it were to have them taken better care of—not anything that “*might be wanted*,” a comprehensive expression; and certainly not the beautiful last gifts of those we had just left; no, they must be near me while I live—must adorn every place in which I shall pitch my tent, and be always before my eyes. And so they could not be packed up and sent off to London, and I never behold them again, or not until months and years should have elapsed! No, I kept them, as some little consolation for having lost all those I loved so dearly, so gratefully. These, however, *had* been parted with; the relics of them never should leave me by my own free will, sole records of so many sunny affections, sweet thoughts, and places of interest. Can these two years of a life be entirely lost? Can the

joys and sorrows we have known together disappear as utterly as my own poor crushed plans? Must I now give up, as I gave up formerly, the hopes and projects of visiting the East—of a winter in the Greek Islands, or in Egypt,—a summer in the Crimea—the better, dearer hope of having mingled a thread in the lives so dear to me? So let it be, then. The threads of silk and gold they have spun in mine shall last till Time itself be snapped in twain. Wherever my home may henceforth be, my Russian home shall never, never be forgotten—never less fondly loved than now.

CHAPTER IV.

Recollections—The Place—Organ Boy—Soldiers—Chimney Sweeps—Pastoral Visits—“Virginie” Fireworks in Saxon Gardens—Fireworks at Matrusoff—Serge—His Costume—Gymnastic Costumes—News of the War—Russian Policy—Daily Life—The Polish Nation—Sight-seeing—Churches—Recollections—Hand-gelt—Polish Servants and Education—Scene with Illiterate Laundresses.

It was not in physical suffering alone that my dear companion was a ministering angel to me. It was not strength and rest for the body alone that she strove to preserve. Let these few words record her still nobler efforts—she ought to have been called Barnaba, or Evangeline.

These thoughts, and many others, coursed through my mind as I lay in or on my bed, looking across the wide Place at the Palaces, and the arched and columned gateway between them, that led into the Saxon Gardens, laid out, I suppose, by one Augustus of Saxony, and whose tufted trees made themselves visible between the cream-coloured pillars, with which their pale-green foliage contrasted so prettily. This view would make a pretty sketch ; but I have, alas, no sketching powers, or that wide Place would have afforded me subjects enough. Besides, a beautiful sky generally gave great clearness and distinctness to its groups, whether they were formed of the soldiers from the guard-room, the passers by, or the vendors of different wares. I find in my diary some jottings of its varying aspects.

“ Ah ! there is that little organ-boy again,

with his horrid organ, sitting down in desperation to grind, grind, grind! From two o'clock to six, one day, he never ceased; I could have given five francs for a little peace, but I thought he would afterwards try to earn ten in the same way. Then, again, that group of chimney-sweeps; something must have taken place in their *guild*, for there they have been loitering in the shade of the ungraceful statue to Polish dependence half a day, chattering and showing their white teeth, with an occasional flourish of their shovels and brushes. Could it have been an insurrection? If so, it must have ended in smoke!

“The evening is drawing on. Florence and Godfrey are at Vierzbo to-night, which is a pity, for there is a *fête* in the Saxon Gardens, and they will only return in time for the end of it.”

And here, I remember, I was interrupted by a visit from my pastor. Much-valued joy, to be able to say, once more, *my* pastor. I have had none for so long, and had been looking forward to this visit with much anxiety. It is a comfort to feel oneself once again within reach of our Church's ministrations, even if unable to go to its visible courts. I was sorry that his visit was shortened by an interruption. He came, however, twice again; once with his wife and two darling little girls, of three and five years old. Dear little creatures! I enjoyed much seeing them, and hearing their little English voices—the first English *children's* voices that I have heard for very, very long. Katie and Florence! how long will you remember the poor sick lady you came to see that *very* hot day, when Florence lost a button off her shoe, and almost fell asleep, poor little dear, on her papa's

knee; and when Katie amused us all by her clever, lively remarks. Our kind pastor visited us yet again, on a more solemn occasion; the little children did not come that day, and the order was given to admit no visitors—for the most awful joy of all, except death, was in the house.

And then once more, the day we left Warsaw—that was all; but these links belong to a chain that we may all continually lengthen, if we will. As it lengthens, it grows lighter, brighter, and more precious; it is the chain of friendly sympathies. God offers us new links on all sides, and we have only to take them as His gifts, and add them fearlessly, nay hopefully, to our chain. It will never, never become a fetter.

“Other visitors came to cheer me on this same evening. M—— B—— was still sitting

with me, when the door opened, and a bright, eager face appeared, and at once claimed acquaintance, though we had never previously met. In a moment I knew that it was indeed one for whom I had been looking eagerly, and of whom I had for years heard much that interested me in her, both for her own sake, and for the sake of others who loved her fondly. I knew that she had suffered much, and therefore was not prepared to see a person of so much energy—one who displayed so lively an interest in all that was taking place in Europe, and who expressed her opinions with so much vivacity of tone and manner. I thought highly of the mental spring that could thus retain its elasticity, amidst trials of various kinds, absence from her own land, and frequent illness. This lady brought with her a tall, gentle, sensible-looking daughter of twelve, and a little pet of four, the eldest

and youngest of her five treasures. A promise was given that the others should pay me a visit next day, but they came not. Suddenly, while they were with me, a shower of rockets darted into the air, and it was evident that the *fête* had begun. I hoped Florence and Godfrey were there. The Saxon Gardens must have been the scene of an immense concourse, to judge by the number of “cool suits” that I saw escorting crinolines and gay bonnets across the Place.

“For awhile we continued our conversation—Warsaw, of course, the topic—though both my visitors were very cautious in their remarks and answers to my questions. Soon, however, it became impossible to continue; the children were looking out at the fireworks, and the scene was so very brilliant that we could not attend to anything else. In the reflection of the coloured fire, the leaves in the gardens

appeared to be in succession of every hue—orange, blue, and crimson, till, having at last assumed a beautiful violet,

“The force of fire could no further go;”

and, with this tacit avowal of the superiority of *that* colour over every other, the pageant closed. Little Virginie looked disappointed, and her mother said she should go into the gardens and see that it was really over; but I thought the crowd would be a slight obstacle.

“Being left alone, I thought of the last fireworks I had seen at Matrusoff, and of all the group assembled there to honour the little boy’s birthday; while he who would so much have enjoyed the position and consequence of being one of the managers, was obliged to be only a spectator, while his uncles were kindly engaged in making the show brilliant, and themselves dim.

“I see him now, in the midst of all—not little Serge, my little Serge, but a cousin of the same name, a pretty boy of eight years old, very clever, very intelligent, a geographer of no mean merit, and more skilled in various branches of education than are many boys twice his age. In Russia, Latin and Greek do not exclude all other attainments—they are more likely to be themselves excluded; and this, at least up to eight years of age, appears to be more reasonable. Oh, I see that group so clearly! I was looking on with the rest, when I perceived one I loved very fondly come out of the house where lay the dear invalid whose sufferings had first called together this family gathering, and whose peril, though now supposed to be past, was still too fearfully near for us to have yet lost our first anxious feelings.

“He was able, however, to receive visits;

and, to my no small pride, I was now told that I might go and see him. Although I lost not a moment, some one else had stepped in meantime, and I was refused admittance—a great disappointment. So I returned to the group, and found it already dispersing; the grass was wet, and so were the Catherine wheels—(by-the-bye, the fireworks were the same that one sees everywhere, more or less well made); but some had gone off well, and we were all disposed to be pleased. I thought much of the little hero, who, in his Russian summer dress, looked very pretty—crimson silk trousers, the regular boots and cap, and a dove-coloured silk skirt made a very gay garb, and not unlike in effect the gymnastic costume of one of my little friends—which was of grey silk, relieved with red ties. These costumes are sometimes very pretty; I have seen one quickly and effectively made thus:—A dress

feuille-morte was cut into Turkish trousers, descending to the calf of the leg; over this was arranged a crimson linen shirt, and the hair was bound up in a crimson handkerchief. Very pretty were the face and figure thus becomingly attired; the flashing black eyes, the neat foot, and the graceful attitudes and movements might have seemed French—but no! claim her, Russia, and be proud of her, for well indeed you may!

“Ah, well! they all, and I too, are far away now from that scene! The gymnastic ground where I had once, 19th July, 1854, a moonlight ramble, so well remembered, is silent, and echoes only with the songs of the workmen in the house close by, who are laying parquet flowers, and bringing in furniture—the ‘great house’ where I was to have had my corner too.

“They are all absent now, and so am I.

Here in Warsaw I feel as if already for ever severed from them ; and yet I know it will be different when I no longer catch one sound of the language, nor even hear the country named ; in short, when it is really all over for ever ! ”

“ How have you been, dear,” said a kind voice ; “ have we been very long away ? What ! no candles yet ? ”

Tea was brought in, and candles also. Florence and Godfrey reported all that they had seen and enjoyed. I think it was on this occasion that they had gone early and driven to one of the lovely villas, near Vierzbo, on the banks of the Vistula ; but they had nevertheless found energy and time enough to go and look at the fireworks.

“ I am glad you have had more visits,” said Florence, when I had told her about them ;

“for you always enjoy them so much, and it makes me quite easy to know that you are amused.”

“You ought to be easy, at all events, about that, when you stay beside me till quite the evening, and never take any other diversion than this quiet evening airing. Well, had you any news of the war?”

“Yes,” replied Godfrey, “further particulars of Solferino. It is said to have been the most fatal and bloody battle since Marengo; the loss of the French severe—but that of the Austrians so tremendous, that there are rumours of an armistice. This is one account. Another is, that Venice and Vienna will be immediately taken—I mean, attacked.”

The concluding sentence amused us. Then I asked if much had been said about the state of feeling in Poland—observing, that it must be anti-Austrian.

“Yes,” said Godfrey; “I don’t mean that anything was said about it to-night, for they were very cautious; but one feels that it must be so, until some other great Power is drawn into the struggle, and pronounces itself in Austria’s favour.”

“Is it likely Russia will do so?” said Florence.

“No,” replied Godfrey; “Russia appears to be doing still what it was told us at Kiev she meant to do, that is, keeping quiet, waiting at home, and observing the progress of events on the Continent.”

“As long as England does the same?”

“Possibly.” And to this brief assent he replied “Good-night,” and so we parted.

After this day we went on again as before. The weather was intensely hot, but we rose every morning early, congratulating ourselves that it was cooler, and opening wide the

western windows of the rooms as long as we might do so. After which I lay thinking on the days that were flitting by—another and another—each, as it came, finding me doing just the same thing—waking early, rising early—and watching, in her functions, the little withered Pole who was our very attentive chambermaid. Occasionally, too, speaking a word or two, and rejoicing that my slender store of Russian was still found useful. On arriving we had addressed her in French—then in German; but we met only blank looks in return, with an assurance that Polish was the only language that she spoke.

“Not even Russian?” said I, addressing her in that language.

“Oh, yes,” said she, gleefully; “I do speak that a little.”

“And I *very* little,” I replied, smiling with joy at the necessity of using it, for I had

supposed that pleasure to be now over for ever!

Then as soon as she had carefully restored order, and the busy, hissing samovar had been brought in, Florence was summoned to preside over it, and tea and rolls were the order of the day. The morning was cool, and we ought to make a good breakfast, we said; and we generally contrived to carry out this laudable intention.

Godfrey then went to his more serious breakfast, and when he returned we discussed the business or the visits, the accounts or the acquisitions, to be made that day. Sometimes these would require an early start, but in general we sat together till they went to dinner; and then I rose to assume a cooler dress—for the penalty of western windows was making itself felt, and everything literally glowed with heat. I used to pity the soldiers

when it came to their turn to quit the shelter of the trees near the guard-house, in order to relieve guard—though certainly it would have been cruel not to have sympathized with the relief of the poor fellows who had been *frizzling* there so long. However, it was not much attention that I bestowed, I fear, upon any of them. I was growing very selfish.

So selfish that I often forgot, when Florence and Godfrey had been out, to ask them where they had been, and what they had seen. But there was, they told me, little to tempt sight-seers. The Roman Catholic churches were not by any means brilliant specimens in their own style; and there were but two of the Greek persuasion, very inferior, they said, to those they had seen in Kiev. They were directed to no galleries, and had seen enough of museums. Green trees, villas, tea, ices—

these were their chief relaxations ; and the exceeding heat of the weather made it laborious to seek even these. Generally they sat at home until after the *table d'hôte*—which, by-the-way, was very indifferent, in their opinion, both as to viands and company, though rather an improvement on the *cuisine* of our Kiev “Restaurant des Eaux Mémoriales.”

Scarcely had Florence and Godfrey returned, before my own repast was brought in, and every means used, by making it as tempting as possible, to induce me to eat a little and enjoy it ; after which Florence and Godfrey generally went out, and I had a scene like the one previously described, or a pleasant visit or two, or a note. Seldom did I spend the evening quite alone ; if I did, I was busy, as on this occasion, with very pressing thoughts.

I had received no letters from Kiev. Was anything happening there, and was I already so completely forgotten as one of the former associates of their daily life that they would not even think of telling me of it? Had I wearied them?—was the feeling that I was for ever gone one of relief? If I looked only at the circumstances, I said with tears, “It must indeed be so”; but if I thought of those noble natures, and of all that they had ever been to me, I felt that it could not be so, and I said,—“No, no; they have been too good; it cannot be that they have forgotten me; they cannot have changed—they will not change.”

And yet I know that even the noblest human hearts may close and grow up over the thought of those who can no longer take a *visible* part and interest in their daily joys and cares. I felt that Tourguineff was right.

It was not surprising that everything Russian should have special charms for me; and that among the “purchases” which I mentioned as forming the subject of some of our discussions, I was anxious to carry away as many as I could afford of the peculiar productions of that dear land, and—I will confess my folly—I thought that red calico was one of these. How could I have forgotten the red window-seats of the city of the bears and the city of the eagles—the red-covered beds and sofas so often seen on the Continent? Yet I was so anxious about mine, that my good and dear Florence spent a whole hot morning in lining a cloak with it, that it might not be seized on the frontier!

How all this was laughed at afterwards!—and by no one more heartily than myself—especially when, long afterwards, we had passed some weeks in apartments which we called the

Red Rooms, from the abundance of this material. In short, it was a regular passion, not that of the wild bull, but the reverse—a love for the colour, a longing for it, and an anxiety about it!—all most unnecessary. Other absurd fancies have possessed as worthy people—more worthy people than myself. This done, and having settled how many Caucasian belts and spoons and thimbles, how many Armenian scarfs (I do not like scarves) and beautiful little lemon forks, we should lay up in store, we proceeded to lay down the *hand-gelt* upon such articles as required it—that is, we made a deposit of part of the price, a proceeding by which the depositor is bound, I suppose, to wait the completion of the order. But, I own, I think the giver of the order also needs in this case some protection; for nothing would be easier than for a distressed workman to decamp with the *hand-gelt*, and never supply the goods.

In hiring a servant, also, you give *hand-gelt*, to bind him to your service ; otherwise he thinks himself at liberty to go and seek an engagement with some other master.

The Poles are proud—that is, the nobility—but the people are not so, by any means ; and little as they love their rulers, they readily take their roubles. They are not—at least, those one sees in Russia—in general well educated, and can command but indifferent wages—four or six roubles a-month being good pay for a lady's-maid—who is rather a different sort of person from the neat-handed maidens so called in England. These are generally required to be able to dress their young ladies, mend their garments, make their beds, and wash their embroideries (in Russia no sinecure) ; but they have in general very imperfect ideas of hair-dressing and millinery, and none of order and cleanli-

ness. I was surprised, also, to find that Godfrey's Polish servant could neither read nor write. His wife was equally ignorant ; yet he was a travelling servant, and she a laundress, and both these classes are apt, in a certain way, to be rather literary than otherwise in most lands. But, upon inquiry, I found that though "a learned Pole" is a frequent and often a very just phrase, the mass of the people cannot be reckoned well educated.

This was much to my inconvenience; for one evening as I lay thinking, as usual, and looking at the pale lime-trees against the amber sky, I heard a tap at the door, and Grundmann entered with his wife, bringing a basket of clothes, and a long washing-bill, written by a friend, in Polish, which neither he, she, nor I could read!—and the wife spoke only Polish. I must look over this account, see that it was correct, take out its items for our trio, and

pay the whole. How was it to be done? It was rather a difficult task. However, by dint of my recollection of certain German words, I proceeded to ask Grundmann what the items were—(neither he nor his wife could read them), and so contrived to get through part of the bill, any difficulty requiring to be elucidated being managed thus:—

I, reading, and putting into German.—

“Socks—what is next, Grundmann?”

He, to his wife, in Polish.—“What were these six of?”

She, in Polish.—“Socks, stockings, pillow-cases, shirts, &c. &c.”

I, in despair, in German.—“And at what prices?”

He, to her, in Polish.—“And at what prices?”

She.—“Shirts, 20 groschen ; sheets, 1 zlot ; socks, 20 groschen.”

Receiving no very clear idea from all this, I cried out in despair, “Call the waiter!”—This individual, on examining the bill, decides that a certain word which we had been unable to interpret, is both ill-written and ill-spelt, but really means “pillow-cases”—which, not being able to express in German, he translated into Polish for their benefit, and into Russian for mine.

I was very glad when it was all over, and that such a difficulty was not likely to occur again. It reminded me of some rather absurd scenes with a Kiev laundress, whose usual account always “came exactly to four or five roubles,” though she wrote nothing down, and though, when I took down her several items, always from her own lips, and added them up to her and Ludovica’s satisfaction, the result invariably was (as it always will be in laundry accounts) a broken sum—

3 roubles, 40 kopecks, or 4 roubles, 20 kopecks—and she was completely puzzled. She knew “it came so exactly to five roubles when she added it up at home!”

I did not suggest that the sum paid might perhaps also appear to be “so exactly five roubles” if counted out at home; though in fact, I suppose, it would be the other way.

CHAPTER V.

Tête-à-tête Visits—Countess Zobaida—Polish Society—
 Bargaining—Spending—The Plank—Railways—Leav-
 ing Warsaw—Arrival at Granitza—Countess Z——
 and her Daughter—Sunrise—Prayers—Passing the
 Frontier—Thoughts of our Fellow-travellers—Recollec-
 tions of C—— M—— R——.

AFTER a scene such as the preceding, though amusing enough at the time, I was glad to rest and return to my reflections. These, however, were not unfrequently broken in upon by a visit; and very welcome a visit always was, at that hour especially. It may be misanthropic, but I like to receive visitors alone;

certainly everyone is far more genial and cordial in a *tête-à-tête*—conversation flows more rapidly and naturally when each has to consider only the person addressed, and not a ring of half-informed auditors. We have no word for this—the Germans say “under four eyes;” the French, “head to head.” I do not know the Russian equivalent.

In one of these visits—a charming *tête-à-tête*—I heard a certain history, which, with some facts related to me afterwards, I have ventured to insert here, with permission of course.

There lived some years ago in Poland a certain nobleman—young, gay, hospitable, and clever—delighting to assemble round his board those who were remarkable for any eminent talent or peculiar gift. He bestowed great care upon the education of his three little daughters. While in Warsaw they had the best masters; and when at Villanov, their

lovely place in the country, learned men were invited there also, and acted as lecturers to these young Vittoria Colonnas. Their mother was devoted to them, and carried out all her husband's views; and the daughters grew up, as might have been hoped and expected, distinguished — one by a livelier wit, one by a deeper vein of thought, and another by a more classical taste; but all were clever, and had the ease and grace of those whose armour is always bright and ready for use. They were not always lance-in-rest, like the beautiful Clorinda, but they were never to be surprised out of their own lively but well-poised bearing.

Time flew on, and the young, gay, gallant count became a little grey and a little grave; his fair countess began to be first ailing, then weak, then a constant invalid—a prey to one of the most awful complaints known to poor humanity. Her daughters were her favourite

attendants ; and the one of the brightest wit, whom I shall call Countess Zobaida, was particularly devoted to her. She supplied her mother's place in the house, and allowed no one to occupy her place beside the invalid at night ; but by day she permitted her sisters to share the labours coveted by all. The idea arose that the complaint was infectious ; this induced the Countess Zobaida to insist the more strongly on excluding her sisters at night from their mother's room—but nothing daunted her own courage. Yet, if any one were present, she left it to her sisters to pay the graceful duties of conveying fruit, flowers, or books to the invalid.

One day she was found in an agony of tears, and being asked why she wept so bitterly, would not at first confess, but afterwards owned that it was because she fancied she fell short of her duty to her mother ; nor could the tenderest arguments, nor the most *indig-*

nant assurances, convince her that she “had excelled all.”

At length the object of so much tender devotedness died. The gentle, patient sufferer was called to her heavenly home ; and her dutiful child, who had always revered her father, poured upon him a double flood of care and tenderness. His two younger daughters—the charming Countess Marie, and the clever Countess Augustine—married. Zobaida remained with her father.

They passed nine years happily together ; they made but few new acquaintances, but they kept their old friends, and were the centre of a large family connection. After some years, and just when every one was supposing they would go on thus for many more, her father was suddenly taken away, and she was left quite alone—heiress to the house in Warsaw, to a share in his property equal

to that he had given her sisters—(Countess Marie had died a few years before her father)—and to some very complicated affairs, which were to be placed in the hands of a cousin of whom he had been very fond. This part of the story was told to me by the Countess Zobaida herself, and I wish I could faithfully reproduce the inimitable grace and liveliness of her recital. These affairs drew the cousins much together. It was necessary for Count Stanislas to be constantly in Warsaw, and to see the Countess Zobaida frequently. She offered him a room in her house—he accepted. They lived quite apart at first—he only dining with her by special invitation. Ere long these invitations came oftener and oftener; their hours suited. The dinner invitations soon merged into the evening conversation; their tastes suited. At length he came long before dinner, and stayed till long after tea or

supper ; and at last, one evening, said, hesitatingly :—

“Zobaida, do you not think we are very comfortable ?”

“Yes, Stanislas, I hope you find it so,” with a little laugh.

“We suit each other, Zobaida ?”

No answer.

“Do you not think we might be happier still, if we were always to be together ? Can you make this possible by accepting me as your husband ? We are not very young, but we may be very happy.”

Zobaida quietly but cordially echoed the sentiment.

They knew people would laugh ; but what did that matter ? True, they had thought themselves “an old bachelor and an old maid,”—but since they had discovered that they could not do without each other, there

was no reason why that should always be the case, and why they should not make each other happy.

And so they do. The laughter, met so frankly by themselves, has died away. They were married quietly, and re-appeared quietly in society, living each of them a much happier life ; and now, instead of “an old bachelor and an old maid,” they form “a young establishment.”

I was, as you may suppose, dear reader, anxious to see Countess Zobaida ; for I had heard much of her history before, and she, it seems, had heard of me — for she sent me word, directly I arrived, that she would come and see me. And accordingly she did so.

Listen, then, while I describe her. A very slight, delicate person, dressed in pale grey moire antique, a beautiful Algerine burnous, and a

chip bonnet *évasé*, with scarlet flowers, which relieved her dark brown hair, very abundant and soft; large brilliant dark eyes, and very small-featured pale face, of which the mouth, while it possessed remarkable mobility, was at the same time expressive of singular sweetness. I have rarely seen so varying a countenance. Of course, she had pretty hands and feet.

We had a long conversation. She had read my writings, or heard of them — I forget which. She told me many things that considerably enlightened my mind, as to “*nous autres du royaume de Pologne.*” My Russian tendencies are of course no recommendation to her; but she was too polite to allow this to appear, and I too well-bred to insist upon them; save that when asked, “How did you like Russia?” I was obliged to answer in such a manner as showed the warmth of my feelings.

From all I heard in those visits, from persons of several different nations, I am inclined to think that the Countess Zobaida herself must be a rare character in Russia (not, alas! too numerous anywhere), and that an Emil or Galahad could hardly have been dreamt of there, nor indeed could a Round Table have existed, without being dreadfully at variance with all the world. Some will reply that it was so in our land. Yes, but then “it died a thousand years ago!” Poland was ever chivalrous in her olden days.

One species of demoralization is, I am sorry to say, very prevalent in Poland and in Russia, and shews how very much Hebraic influences rule trade of all kinds in these countries. This kind of demoralization consists in never naming at once the *real* price of any article for sale, but always something exorbitant—less than the half of which will be taken,

unless the purchaser be so ignorant as to think it necessary to pay at once the first sum named.

As I did *not* one morning, when a very wretched-looking boy offered me a travelling cushion. They are very plentiful here—leathern cushions, stuffed with horsehair, and of an oblong shape; red on the upper, and black on the lower side. He proposed to take six roubles for it. I gave no reply. He went away, but soon returned to ask five roubles. I refused. What would Madame give? Two roubles—no more. Again he vanished, and again returned to offer it for three roubles fifty—then for three roubles. At last I thought he had quite disappeared, when he presented himself once more. Godfrey was at the window, and the boy told him he was willing to sell it for two roubles

and a half, then for two roubles and a *pourboire*—which we gave him.

It is a common saying here, “Oh, that was only the nominal price—you will get the thing at a much cheaper rate;” not that this is any satisfaction to me, if the article is worth what is asked—but I do dislike spending money in vain, and therefore more than is necessary.

Spending well is a positive pleasure, and bating down any tradesman a positive pain; but very often, as in the case of the cushion, if you simply inform yourself and the vendor that the article is too dear for *you*, without any effort to obtain it cheaper, it comes to you. This was one of my “characteristic purchases,” and a great comfort I found it. Florence very kindly brought me in an air-cushion the same day; so the only question now was, where we should get a

board, as I had neglected to order one.

“I know,” said Godfrey—“one of your Russian book-shelves.”

These polished deal shelves had hung in my room, and I brought them away as a relic. I was very sorry to run so great a chance of losing one of them. The suggestion, however, was too good to be lost, as I had provided nothing else. And thus, my dear friends, did the Journey on the Plank literally commence the next day; when, after many kind farewell visits, some of our friends escorted us to the station, and others met us there. One last kiss to dear little Katie and Florence—one expression of every good wish for them and their parents, and we were once more at a railway! I had not seen one since we reached Vienna, in 1857.

And I cannot say that the impression was a cheerful one. I suppose that people who

cross Europe on railways regard Warsaw as the *Ultima Thule* of tolerable travelling. I do not. Without regretting that I live in railway days, I do not enjoy railway travelling *per se*; and of course, just now, the very advantages it possesses—its speed and punctuality—were no advantages in my eyes. I was in no hurry to leave my Eastern home; and the return to the West, with its noise and its so-called civilization, its railways, and its busy, talking life, was just then so strongly opposed to all my desires, that I left Warsaw with much real sorrow; and if it had not been foolish, I would have cried out, “Oh, not to-day!” as children do when they are before the dentist’s chair. The pain and distress caused by the movement were also so great that I longed to cry, “Oh, not to-day!” for this also, and to beg them to stop short at Petrikov, where we were to have some tea. But

patience suggested that I might get used to the motion ; and so I found—for by the time we reached Petrikov, I was quite determined to go on. There was no beauty of country in this flat sandy region ; and if there had been, I do not think I should have seen much of it—for I was otherwise occupied, until sleep came at last, to restore the body and give rest to the mind.

It was, however, a very melancholy journey all the way to Granitza, where we arrived at daybreak.

Granitza is the Russian frontier station for travellers leaving Russia, as Myslowitz is for those arriving. We were conducted into a waiting-room, and I was placed upon a sofa, from which I quietly observed my fellow-travellers. These were not very numerous, nor particularly interesting, excepting one lady, who had with her two young girls—the elder

of whom was a *fière*, handsome creature of fifteen, carrying her head like a deer; and the younger a fair, gentle little thing of twelve or thirteen. The mother, though very thin, had been handsome, and seemed quite wrapped up in her children; but I thought I saw a whole page of their history in her different manner to each of them, and in theirs to her. For while the elder, standing by her side, continually met the mother's glance of pride with a rather vacant though affectionate smile, the little one was evidently the practical spirit of the company—waited on her mother, assisted her in her hasty toilette, and, when she could do no more for her, seemed intent upon carrying a heavy railway bag (under which her slender wrists bent and her steps faltered) to every corner of the room in succession, and never appeared satisfied with the resting-place she had found for this pre-

cious *sac-de-nuit*. But at length she and her sister were also to make their toilette—some-what necessary after a night spent in the train. Every one was doing the same; but no one displayed such magnificent coils of hair as appeared when Octavie lifted off her net, and they descended far below her knee. It would have been in vain to unplait them, so she merely smoothed back her hair à *l'Impératrice*, crossed the long coils, twisted them round her head, and again confined them in the net. I turned then to look at little Marie, who at that very moment was releasing yet thicker, longer braids of fairer hair, smoothing them, and crowning therewith her slender little head.

The morning sun broke into the room; the little girl placed a chair for her mother, and a footstool, and handed her her Prayer-book; Octavie knelt down beside her mother's chair,

Marie retired behind the screen, and did the same, and they recited their morning devotions. This interested me very much; and, when they had finished, I was pleased to discover, on the entrance of Count Z., that they were his party—his wife and daughters. He had been introduced to us at the station, and had looked in several times during our journey, to see how we were getting on. He came to propose to them some coffee, in which luxury we, by-the-bye, had already indulged. The Countess refused for herself, because it was Friday, I suppose, but accepted for her two daughters. Marie, however, acted the part of temptress, and put the steaming cup to her mother's lips. The poor exhausted creature drank it eagerly, and this repast was scarcely over, when we were called to resume our seats and our slumbers. We saw no more of these interesting fellow-tra-

vellers—for they were going to Posen from Breslau, and we to Dresden; but, as we rattled on through the fields of Silesia, my thoughts were busy with our unconscious neighbours—and with Marie especially. She reminded me strongly of one whose fate had excited no ordinary interest in all who knew her—a young girl of northern race, called, by her father's diplomatic career, to a residence first at Madrid, and then in London. The change was probably too great for her delicate constitution, for she never was strong; she lived, however, to grow up, and to return with her widowed mother to her own land; but she had not been very long there before she re-appeared in London, as the bride of a very charming cousin of her own. A diplomatic career obliged him also to reside in England; and their happiness, and his care of her still very delicate health, were subjects

of interest to all who knew them. They collected around them a circle of literary and distinguished people—and appeared in the world, she whenever well enough, and he whenever obliged to do so. But, as she told me when I saw her again, they found time for some very quiet, happy evenings too. I was much struck on this occasion with the simple earnestness of her manner, and the peculiar beauty of her whole turn of thought and expression—it was the light of the world beyond.

“Hast thou not seen that wondrous place
Where, 'mid majestic Alpine snows,
A light beyond our common days,
In sudden floods of glory glows?

“The hunter of the chamois, there,
Crosses his breast and thinks of Heaven;
His theory of atmosphere,
A simple faith and love have given!

“To him that flood of radiance tells
Of glories distant as yon star,

As surely as the midnight bells
Warn us of holier prayers afar.

“And like those rays of light divine,
Through pierced mountain crag that flow,
The light of Heaven began t' enshrine
Thee, dear Malvina, long ago.

“It lit with earnestness thine eyes,
It dreamed and spoke of heaven to us :
It filled me with a strange surprise—
I knew thee lovely, but not thus.

“I saw thee once, no more—but heard,
‘She fails—her lamp is burning low ;’
Until at length there came the word,
‘The light is all about her now.’”

But I trust my little Marie will long continue to shed her light in her family party before she enters into that greater flood ; and when the light is all about her too, may she leave as many fond memories, as many loving souls !

It was sad to me, very sad, the actual moment of quitting the land where I had spent nearly two years — where I had received kindness

the most delicate and the most unmerited ; and to feel, as I did, that even if a prolonged life were granted me, my residence in Russia *must* end here—that my place there was henceforth to be known no more—that I must in time be forgotten by those in whose daily life I had so long borne a part, in whose griefs and sorrows I had been so deeply interested, and whose conduct towards me had been uniformly kind, tender, and generous. They refused thanks in words—they could not, must not, refuse the grateful, sorrowful tears that would flow when I thought over all our relations together, and the utter separation that circumstances now rendered necessary.

It was well for me that my companions' backs were, owing to my position, turned to me ; for I could not have entered into a conversation, nor have concealed emotions that must have seemed, to those who had come

so far to fetch me, strange and unjustifiable perhaps. But the train rolled on—the fields were rapidly passed—and Breslau received us about twelve o'clock.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival at Breslau—School children—Golden Goose—The Rathhaus—Troubles of Saxony—Invalids and Guardians—Their Difficulties—"Plain Dealing"—Start for Görlitz—Fellow-travellers *versus* State and Ease—Roads *versus* Railways—Varieties of Travel—Different Journeys compared—Down the Danube—Over the Chamounix from Tête Noire to Geneva—Buck-wheat Fields—Arrival at Görlitz—Dresden—Arrival—Aspect of Dresden—The Gallery—The Madonna del Sisto—Grüne Gewölbe—Japanese Palace—Porcelain—The Frauenkirche—Solitude a Great Aid in bearing Illness and Depression—Illness a Greater Evil Morally than Physically—Thoughts.

AFTER a seventeen hours' journey, I immediately retired to rest. And here I may state briefly, that such was the rule imposed on me

by my kind guardians on every arrival, after a long journey. After a short one, I only rested on the bed till the next start ; and my impressions of the towns were derived, in consequence, from the drives to and from the stations, and observations from the windows of my room.

I remarked, directly we entered the narrow, odoriferous, miry streets of Breslau, that we were in Prussia. And by what ? By the multitudes of children of all ages carrying satchels, school-books, and slates, looking as if just let loose from school.

We were told that this grand old town was more remarkable for cheap and good wearing apparel than for anything else. But Florence and Godfrey went to the beautiful old Rathhaus, and to one or two churches well worth a visit. They were much pleased with the hotel, the "Golden Goose," its cuisine and accommodation. I could not judge much ;

but I thought the first-floor rooms very bed-roomy — the soup coarse — the French beans strawy — and the tea with rather too strong a flavour of tobacco ; but perhaps I was prejudiced — and certainly the attendance was good, and the charges reasonable ; in short, their opinion is better than mine, and they say that it was the best hotel that we had entered in all our royal progress. Better than the "Europe," in Warsaw, where we were, however, very comfortable. Breslau is a great mart and meeting-place for the trade of Eastern and Western Europe ; and had we known any one, we should probably there have heard more news of the war, of which we had received no tidings since the dreadful carnage at Solferino ; but I believe Florence and Godfrey did not speak to anyone but myself during our two days there. Nor did they buy any amber, which I believe was a great act of self-denial

on their part. It is splendid here—second only to that of Vienna.

June 28.—Kaiser arrived, true to her time, last night; and all this day we were very much *bored* by the fact of her presence. One soon learns to manage everything for oneself; and she, poor thing, in her strangeness and her zeal, was doubly awkward; and her service really seemed very like the sedan-chair unfloored—more fatiguing than walking, even if more honourable. One has to get used to luxuries sometimes, but I always regret doing so. The fewer wants one has, the happier one is—and the freer to attend to those of others. However, it is supposed now to be necessary to have Kaiser; and so I must try to bear the *désagrément* of having to give orders, and seeing them misunderstood, instead of doing the things myself. The real comfort would be to have double limbs and

strength, under the guidance of one brain—oh, what mischief we should do! But how little can one brain suffice to direct and guide even one set of members. We are fearfully and wonderfully made!—and had better be satisfied to remain so, without longing for greater power and greater responsibility.

There were serious doubts on my mind as to whether I should or should not proceed on the journey next day; whether the better plan would be to say so at once—or to wait patiently, and see the result of the night's rest. No, I thought it less likely to alarm my companions if I said quietly that I did not expect to be able to go on; and yet who was to decide? It is by no means easy, either for invalids or their guardians, to judge which is the best thing to do. The invalid fears giving false alarms, and either creating unnecessary anxiety, or occa-

sioning sudden changes of plan. His guardian suspects his charge of giving false hopes, of concealing his own real opinion, and acting upon whatever suggestion promises least trouble to the whole party, without considering possible, if not probable, ill consequences. In short, it is a difficult matter for all. And in the midst of this "by-play," more annoyance is often caused to very considerate people than is ever experienced by those whose faithfully-followed motto is, "Each man for himself!"

Some people say that plain-dealing is the best; but, after all your plain-dealing, much of the business of life turns upon opinions, feelings, and passions too undefined to be gauged by such a test. For instance, an invalid is ill at Venice, and longs to get to Madrid; is allowed to go, but not to travel fast enough to be fatigued. The directions are clear. He

arrives, at the end of a two days' journey, at a town where he intends to rest; but finds himself in the midst of sights and sounds calculated only to produce discomfort and uneasiness. He awakes with greater fever and lassitude, after his night's sleep, than he had on arriving. He acknowledges it, and thinks it would be better not to continue his journey. His guardian, however, is of opinion that he ought to incur the risk of fatigue in the hope of soon arriving at a more congenial halting-place. Or the case may be reversed, the patient holding this opinion, and the guardian being favourable to his enjoying the benefit of rest for a day or two more. Who is to decide which of the two is right?—and whether the one or the other prevail, is it not obvious that plain-dealing can have but little chance of bringing opinions so opposite to any common ground of agreement?

Now, I think in such a case the patient had better have concealed his sufferings, knowing that it was a mere chance which plan proved the most promising at first, or the wisest in the end; but this is only supposing the invalid to have had as much experience as his guardian, and not to be hypochondriacally inclined—for such patients should never be induced to conceal anything. Some, however, ever inclined to despair, and to make the most of their sad case to themselves, have a kind of mock-heroic pleasure in blinding, or believing they blind, their friends and attendants to their real danger,—and in being ever the first to say, “On, on!” These are pretty safe.

In others imaginary fears have been known to lead to a fatal termination; and the feverish dread of being arrested on their journey by death, in some place inconvenient

to the survivors, has produced the very result they were anxious to avoid.

Some are nervously afraid of exertion, and require stimulating—whilst others over-estimate their own strength, and on the spur of excitement really can do more than is good for them.

To judge one's own charge correctly, and assist the invalid to exaggerate neither his force nor his feebleness, is the great art of being useful and efficient as a travelling *garde-malade* and to put aside all idea of *managing* him, and all appearance of desiring it, is the way to engage his fullest confidence, and to give him the *repose* of telling you all the truth, whatever it may be.

So I told my guardians on Sunday morning, that I did not think I ought to travel the next day, as I was suffering from much severe pain and fever. But on Sunday evening I

told them that I was able to continue the journey; for although it was by the dreaded railway, it was not to be a long day's work — only from seven o'clock to one, with a little waiting at Görlitz. Godfrey took care to pay a conductor to keep the carriage for us; and as there was no great press of visitors, we were left to our undisturbed reflections. We were both, I imagine, considering the same question—the comparative merits of railway and road travelling, and the advantages of state and ease over the society of pleasant fellow-travellers.

At least, so I thought when I saw the delight with which Florence established me in one half of the roomy carriage, with my book, bag, and comforts all about me, while she *settled* herself with a well-pleased smile in the other, putting up hats and cloaks out of the way, and placing by her side her own bag

with her books, and the few luxuries she allowed herself.

I knew her opinion on the necessities and comforts of travelling, and therefore could not help smiling.

She asked me why—adding, “Do you think I am making myself comfortable?”

I replied, “I think you have made *me* very comfortable, and that you look much more so yourself now than you did during the carriage journey, or than you would if any passengers popped in.”

“Yes,” she replied, “I can travel any way; but I own that the thing I prefer is, to travel by railway, and in a carriage to oneself—I mean, to one’s own party.”

“And that not very large?”

“And that not very large. But now you—you do not like railways; and yet you do like fellow-travellers, I believe. How is that?

You have no fellow-travellers on the road, you know; for I do not suppose a diligence is what you prefer?"

"Not exactly; besides, people are so uncomfortable—you see only one phase of their character, and that not a favourable one, generally. No, no, I like travelling by land best, and I like it in a good carriage, with good post horses, *ventre à terre*."

"As in Russia?" said Florence, dryly.

"Yes, as in Russia; but I must explain my little inconsistencies. I think quick travelling — '*voyager pour arriver*' — is of course much indebted to railways; nor do I say that there is no idea of the country gained by it—or that there is no luxury in the space allowed and accommodation given. But the noise, heat, and discomfort are powerful weights in the balance—the complete surrender of all power of choosing where to go, stay,

or get out—the fear of being too late, and the fatigue (so much more *feverish* than that of ordinary travelling), make me prefer twenty-four hours by the road to twelve by railway ; unless, of course, speed be the object.”

“But how about the fellow-travellers? I see how they amuse you.”

“Do you indeed?”

“Oh, yes ; while I am in a fever in some waiting-room, thinking how draughty and wretched it is for you, smelling, as it does, of smoke and beer, you, on a cocky chair, are already intently watching some child, or interesting yourself in some group, and looking quite happy and amused.”

I laughed. “I did not know I looked so ; but it is true, they do amuse me—the voice, the face, and expression are always like a book to me ; and one often sees little bits of character peep out very curiously.”

“I always think some are sulky, and others showing off—the nice people, those who might really interest one, are so very quiet in public.”

“Yes, but all these are points of character, are they not? And it is—I cannot help it—my continual resource and pleasure to decipher faces; so that I consider fellow-travellers rather an advantage than otherwise.”

“It is very like reading one volume of a story,” said Emily; “for you can never know if you have formed a right conclusion.”

“It is like lighting on some passage that gives one food for meditation,” I replied.

“You have tried many kinds of travelling—which do you like best?”

“I have tried travelling alone day by day, and travelling alone, night and day, by land and water. I have done the same with a very large party of strangers. I have travel-

led for weeks with my own family, in a numerous party—and with several parties, four, three, two, and one, with and without servants.”

“And which do you prefer?”

“Do not think me ungrateful, nor very absurd; but I really prefer travelling *quite alone*, if it is mere travelling—no necessity to stay anywhere.”

“What! not even with a servant?”

“With no one at all. Except my voyage down the Danube, I have never enjoyed any journey like the one I made from Nice to Geneva, in 1857, over the Col di Tenda and Mont Cenis; and, next to this, my visit to Chamounix, in 1853. Now, I feel that it sounds very selfish and horrible; but I get so afraid and anxious if there are many in a party—delicate ones, giddy or imprudent people.”

“And if you should feel ill yourself?”

“That fear never haunts me, so long as I

feel able to do the thing I have taken in hand ; but I am very much haunted with fears for the party."

"Now, do not talk any more," said Florence; "I think you are too lively when we start, and then, before long, you sink into the lowest depths of woe, and look gaunt with exhaustion."

With this flattering assurance, she unlocked her little black bag, took out her "Bradshaw," and began to consult it diligently ; while I watched the fine outline of the Riesengebirge and wished my request of trying "Töplitz," or some other baths in that neighbourhood, had been acceded to, instead of flying westward, westward still—through the fields of buck-wheat, now white with flower, and reminding me of the good "gruau" so much eaten in Russia. And then, again, the past months came before me still more vividly, and

kindness (always so much valued) now seemed doubly kind; and voices and steps were still more fondly, though vainly, listened for—because lost, lost for ever. I again felt the curtain falling upon my temporary home, and on all the scenes where I had lived for two years; and that semi-oriental life seemed to me far more beautiful just then than that of our occidental regions. The sky is acknowledged to be much more brilliant, and everything appeared more charming than it had ever appeared before.

Blooming fields! it was not your fault if your white flowers spoke to me thus in sorrowful tones, and aroused the never-sleeping echo—“Jamais, Jamais!”

When I again looked up, the Riesengebirge had faded out of sight, and wheat-fields, covered with the first fruits of harvest, had

replaced the loved white flowers on which I had so often looked with delight.

We were now at the frontier town of Görlitz, and must arise and get out, and cross an island of gravel between two railways; and then, and not till then, were we upon the Dresden line. But more than half of our journey was over; and it was very well it was so—for the heat became so great, and the fatigue so oppressive, during the succeeding hours, that we were both “in the lowest depths of woe, and gaunt with exhaustion,” before we arrived at Dresden itself. I went with difficulty down the many steps of the well-remembered station. A commissionnaire met us, and said that the “Hôtel d’Angleterre” was full, but that accommodation was ready at the “Stadt Rom,” whither we drove, crossing the Elbe by the same bridge on which, in 1857,

I caught a look of surprise from M. M——; for he had no idea I should carry out my intention of going to Russia. Passing by the beautiful Russian Catholic chapel, and catching a glimpse of the Frauenkirche—which I was sorry not to see more perfectly—I beheld the “Stadt Rom,” which stands close to it; and it met my eyes every day, and all day long, during our stay in Dresden.

Dresden, with its prim many-windowed houses—its staid, proper air, and grey sober-looking buildings—looks like a row of superior old ladies in uniform of taffety and lawn—almswomen of gentle birth—mittened and hooded for a quiet tea-chat in their refectory. I am sure refectations and good living are abundant there; for nowhere do bakers, and providers of edibles of all sorts, seem to drive a more thriving trade. Florence was delighted at her arrival, and looked forward with plea-

sure to a week or ten days of galleries and palaces. Godfrey was equally pleased, for he was once more in his old haunts, and able to show her everything; and I felt that while such gentle *occidental* influences were around me, I ought not to speak so much of my oriental longings.

And so to bed—my mind occupied with numerous plans for the morrow. I had a letter to Mesdames L—— and P——, from Madame D——, and sent to ask them for Miss H——'s address; but I had to wait several days, for they were all at Schandau; and, in the meantime, there were letters to be written, and visits to be paid to the gallery. I was very anxious to be carried there, and placed opposite the “Madonna” once more; but, at all events, not on Florence's first day there: she should have that to herself, and should not be distracted by one who would

require so much of her care. I was very impatient to hear her impressions—as it is well known that people are not all agreed as to its being the most wonderful picture in the world, nor even quite the best of Raphael's.

I remember, when we were here in 1857, there were many dissentient voices, and few praised it without reservation. My own first feeling was not quite satisfactory; it was, I thought, too hard and substantial for the subject—too little idealized for the Divine mother; and the face of the Divine Child expressed a kind of terror, as if appalled^{*} at the sin of the world he was come to save. But as I looked at it, other thoughts came—the real beauty of the painting was gradually revealed to me, and I was more struck by its apparent truth to nature, its reality, than by the greater refinement of Raphael's other Madonnas.

This was a very real and life-like representation of the "Blessed among women," when the awe of her joy was still upon her. Yes! this must be indeed the face of her who, not understanding, nevertheless "*kept* all these things, and pondered them in her heart"—anxiously watching the wondrous life of her own glorious babe, who, though subject to her, was yet to be the first in Israel. One saw the awe with which she looked upon Him; and in the expression of the Divine Child there seemed to be a *pre-vision* of all He was to suffer, of the cross from which, even at that early age, as *man* He did not shrink, but calmly accepted it—having accepted it, as *God*, before He took our nature upon Him.

I must confess that I scarcely paid any attention to the very beautiful contrast between the two other heads; nor are one's reflections at all diverted by the fact that the

Virgin is supposed to be ascending into heaven. The palpable absurdity, with which we are so familiar that it never requires an explanation, of having her Child in her arms during her Assumption, and after his crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension, never prevents our looking at the faces as if they were portraits taken when the Divine Child was indeed an infant in His mother's arms, and when the blessed Virgin was still only the wife of the devout Joseph.

When Florence returned, I lost no time in asking her all she had felt. But she had gone through no such varied feelings. With true taste, I suppose, she had at once admitted the full beauty of this, "the most perfect picture in the world;" and she spoke of it with all the emotion it usually excites—saying that, excepting, perhaps, too much terror in the expression of the child, she thought it nearly per-

fect—and certainly much the finest picture she had ever seen. She did not admire St. Cecilia by itself very much, but thought the countenance very finely contrasted with that of the Virgin, showing so conspicuously the superiority of the latter. The old man's head in the picture entitled "Adoration," for which Pope Sixtus V. sat, is really magnificent; and those beautiful cherubs also had received her full admiration—though she took the same view that I do, that it is erroneous to speak of them as lost in adoring contemplation of the Virgin and Child; for they are represented in such a position that it is impossible for them even to see the supposed objects of their worship. They are indeed adoring and contemplating with all their powers—the one of reasoning, the other of unreasoning worship—only it is the Great King and Centre of all Being to whom their

eyes and hearts are directed. It is in celebration of the vast design which he has perfected that they are pouring out their spirits in songs of gladness.

As I have great faith in her taste, I was glad that she agreed so far with me, and had made the same remark. The rest of this rich gallery also enchanted her. Godfrey and she often walked thither during our stay, coming back to refresh my recollections. I was never able even to be carried there, but Florence gave me a beautiful photograph of the Madonna to console me. I was sometimes inclined to think myself very indolent in not attempting to visit such a treasury of the arts, but, until the last day or two, I was indeed unfit, and then the dictate of prudence was, "Not before the journey."

They went also to the "Grüne Gewölbe," where they saw stores of gems and curiosities

renowned throughout all Europe, to the Japanese Palace, with its specimens of the porcelain manufacture of every period—looking at, but not allowing themselves to be tempted by, the beautiful glass and china exposed for sale. Nothing, however, have I ever seen, in point of colour, so beautiful as the intense ruby of a glass Florence gave me at Kiev, or rather would have given me—but it was jerked out of her hand as she entered the room, and shivered to atoms. I was so very sorry for her.

She did invest a little in photographs, and I in the little copies of the cherubs in Raphael's picture. Godfrey, who is always frugal for himself, bought me a charming little bell to summon Kaiser with; and a great comfort I found it—for the gay, pretty market-place is very noisy, and Kaiser does not often hear when I call from my bed. There I

lay pretty constantly ; it was very hot weather, and the dry, exciting air of Dresden did not conduce to repose ; but we had to wait here, and I could hardly have gone on. So I tried to rest, and, when very restless, got up and watched the busy market, gay with flowers and fruit—not with costumes—the universal brown hat being the only thing worn—or turned to look up to the dark, calm, friendly Frauenkirche. There is something very German in the simple name, Frauenkirche, which seems to suit the dark pile of building, the modest, sober-looking church of the Saxons, just as Notre-Dame suits the Gothic building known by that name. Santo Maria del Fiore suggests bright Florence and “ St. Marylebone,” London. What thoughts are suggested by the latter, erroneously pronounced “ Marribon ; ” and how, in my pedantic fussiness, I disliked, as a child,

seeing the name on the lamp-posts thus ill-spelt, and longed to substitute “Marie-la-bonne” for “Mary-le-bone”!

It is curious what idle fancies float through the brain while resting, as I was now doing—and especially after railway-travelling, which certainly produces much more feeling of wear and tear than any other mode of locomotion. The fatigue produced by railway travelling is longer in resigning its empire over you after you arrive, and it tries nerves much more if it tries muscles less.

CHAPTER VII.

A Day alone in Dresden—A Day alone in Italy—A Day alone in Germany—A Day alone in Switzerland—A Day alone in England—A Day alone in Paris—The Market-place—The Return of the Tourists—Letter from England—A Day in Saxon Switzerland.

It will seem to many people ridiculous that I was delighted to hear Florence and Godfrey planning a day's expedition to the Saxon Switzerland. Of course, I did not think of going; yet I was delighted—first, at their having this pleasure; secondly, at their not thinking it necessary to *watch* me; and thirdly, at the

hope of a long day alone—to me always a pleasant prospect, and especially when ill. I believe I am rather a cheerful animal, and yet there is nothing which I do positively enjoy so much as being quite alone. And illness I think is best borne alone. Think not, dear gentle friends, who have ministered comfort to me many and many a time, that I am ungrateful to you, or can ever forget the relief it was to have you near me. Think not, dear brave companions, who came from England to Kiev to fetch your wandering sister, that she is not deeply thankful to you for such a proof of affection and courage. No; but I do think that one is braver alone—I mean, of course, where positive help is not needed. I think kind, pitying eyes make one think oneself more worthy of compassion, and the touch of loving hands is a link that binds one too tenderly to earth. One suffers far less when there

is no one by who suffers with us. I have seen bright eyes fill with tears for me, when my own had otherwise been dry. I have felt gentle hands tremble as they tended me; and the knowledge that I had given pain was felt with double acuteness by myself. This is too dear a price to pay for the costly luxury of seeing how much of love and tenderness one can evoke. Let those I love never suffer for my sake. I had rather lose the sunbeams of their presence than dim those sunbeams by my complaints, or by my sufferings.

Illness is, after all, a greater evil morally than physically. The thoughts I have just been recording, the sense of being a hindrance to the plans and movements of others, of requiring too much attention — the fear of becoming selfish, inconsiderate, exacting, and the inability to take my part as one of the useful, active, self-denying mem-

bers of our little party—are difficulties to bear, more difficult by far than pain, or fever, or weariness. And then there is the feeling of being *watched* and *managed*—the fear that things are kept from one, that all is not told at once—that one is, in short, no more an active, independent, acting individual, caring for others—but a helpless, useless creature, for whom others are to care. These are painful thoughts; and, spite of all that Faith will wisely preach of this being the special trial ordered by Infinite Love for a restless self-confidence—the trial selected not only for the invalid but for those surrounding him—they will be still recurring, and can be with difficulty repressed only by solitary thought, by silent prayer, by the contemplation of the calm grandeur of the heavens above, or by the consideration that each one in the busy crowd around us has his own cross to bear.

Many such thoughts occupied me on the day they took their excursion. What a glorious day it was, that 14th of July! I see by my diary that I had time, besides those reveries, for various other occupations:—

14th July.—Called Florence at 5. 35—drank tea with her at a little after six. They went to the station directly after for the seven o'clock train. Wrote letters, and dressed. Read and thought till nine—then breakfasted. Gave Kaiser more work to do, and Grundmann more orders—wrote up my diary, and several letters—went over the old rouble accounts once more, and got them right. Began making a skirt for hot weather. Meditated. Dined at half-past one. Read the *Indépendance* (no more, alas! the *Nord*), and a letter from my Mother, who is charmed with the idea of going to Eaux Bonnes and the Pyrenees. She wrote here direct, and I re-

plied immediately. This occupied me for some time ; and then I read up my “Murray” upon Dresden, and looked at the history of the Frauenkirche in particular, which, with its deep shadows and peculiar-toned clock, marked the day’s progress for me. I refer my reader to “Murray” for the same information, and, in general, for a very good account of Dresden and Saxony. This Protestant state with a Catholic King, and, a little farther north and west, the Catholic state with a Protestant King, the only two states where religious sympathy cannot exist between the sovereign and the people, were, singularly enough, the only two in continental Europe that remained unshaken in 1848.

This would seem as if we had made one or two great mistakes in our own history ; but I suppose it was not so. It was less, however, the special history of the Frauenkirche,

or the peculiar tenets taught in it, that interested me. It was more the feeling of resting, as it were, under the shadow of God's house—of tracing the hours of the day by the sound of its clock, and relieving the occasional return of weariness or sadness by thinking of the many prayers that had for years and years been ascending in that place—that made the Frauenkirche, though I never entered its holy interior, seen from the first, like a friend to me, always standing beside me to suggest good and right feelings, and to smite down wrong and rebellious ones, saying, “Is it not the Lord's doing?” To me its voice, as it told the hour, sounded as the touching warning of a sister, who, coming near me and laying her sweet face near mine, and her hand upon my hand, should, because

she loved me so fondly, whisper, in a low, clear voice :—

“ Prepare, dearest, for your days are numbered ! ”

While thus spending a day alone in Dresden, I recalled other “ days alone ” in various parts of Europe, with their several occupations and interests, and compared them with this one. The first that occurred was

A DAY ALONE IN ITALY :

not, however, alone in a Robinson Crusoe sense at all—for I was travelling ; but I had no one with me to whom I had ever spoken, or could speak ; for the five “ insides ” of the diligence were all speakers of *patois*—the Nizzard dialect—and could not understand my Italian. Yet I enjoyed very, very much the ascent of the Col di Tenda. First crossing by excellent

roads over the crest of the Brogna, and leaving the rich olive and vine-lands far beneath us, we caught the last look of the blue Mediterranean, some time after the sun had set, though the crags above us were still tinged with its softest rose-colour. Our lumbering vehicle groaning and screeching as we rolled on through the darkening evening, we gradually ascended the steep sides of the Col di Tenda. A beautiful moon came out, and, in the extravagance of my imagination, I fancied that she looked down with wonder at our daring; but she needed not, for this journey is of daily occurrence; and by the side of the ascent we saw the sledges upon which, not a week before, the diligence had been placed to pass the snow. It was now up to the carriage windows—but the road was clear, and our progress pretty good.

“And hallowed images of beauty stole
Into the hidden mazes of the soul.”

The succeeding days might afford me other pictures, but they would be too like the preceding.

A DAY IN GERMANY.

Rising, I looked out upon the many-featured hills; they were melancholy in their colouring, uninteresting in their aspect—too low to be grand, too near to be blue or purple; in short, they oppressed me. The little town looked busy—but what was its business to me? I had not one friend in it, not one I cared for—all whom I loved were absent; and I had but just parted with the last. Gay parties on donkeys, or on foot, went continually past my window, yet I cared not to lift my head to look at them. The water-drinkers laughed and talked; the seekers of fun and fro-

lic seemed to find the amusement they desired; the stately English widow and her blooming daughter stepped majestically before me; but I did not care to take notice of anyone. Books, work, nothing would do. I had taken leave of one plan of life, and another was opening momentarily before me. All was still doubt and suspense! The day went on; the little German girl brought me bread, milk, and coffee in the morning, at nine. I went, as in a dream, to a table-d'hôte—but there was no life nor energy, till a sudden thought occurred to me, “I will go and enquire.” Then it was that, waking up, I took measures for a start to ———, where information was to be obtained. I went —obtained it—and returned to my little German town—a changed being, all animation and enterprise. Who has not done likewise?

A DAY ALONE IN SWITZERLAND.

Five o'clock on the Lake of Geneva—sunrise glorious—all-beautiful! Thought of one I knew, who was very ill; and remembering that it was Ascension-day, fancied how fitting a day for one so pure, so meek, so faithful, to leave this earth. Full of this thought all through that day. My admiration of the lakes of Geneva and Neufchâtel, and of the sunrise amid that beautiful scenery, was tinged with this prevailing thought—How fitting, if she be summoned this day! And it was so—as I heard long afterwards.

A DAY ALONE IN ENGLAND.

Years, years ago, sitting on the grass, the beauty of July glowing in sky, field, and flowers, I spent a long summer's day reading, literally alone, though little feet sounded in

the house at home, and little voices on the lawn, under the beautiful tulip-tree. I was too far off—too much engrossed to be sensible of anything except the loveliness of all around me, and the charm of my book ; spending thus a solitary but most delightful day.

A DAY ALONE IN PARIS.

It was the last day of our residence there on which Versailles could be visited ; and I had an engagement which I could not, or would not, give up. So I sacrificed the dreams of youth and beauty in misfortune—and the sight of their loved haunts till that misfortune fairly o'ermastered them—to a last interview with an individual far less interesting, but who had been courteous to me, and whom I therefore would not treat carelessly. Then I went forth to wander through Paris ; and nowhere does one feel more utterly alone. In London one

is surrounded by busy faces. One feels that, however distinct these people are, they yet have certain points of resemblance with oneself, and are taking life as work ; but in Paris it is not so. The expression of most Parisian countenances is a powerful poem in itself. All Parisians are not volatile, and some look as if their experience of life involved much that is profound in emotion and painful in suffering. English countenances exhibit on the whole much more *insouciance*. Life is everywhere a terrible game to some, a bitter draught to others, but we do not carry this truth so manifestly in our faces. There is not with us that craving for counter-excitement which one sees in the faces of Parisian crowds. It strikes me, too, that the excitement about trifles so often remarked in them arises from the fact that upon trifles often hang the great questions of their lives.

I passed my day here very quietly while I made these comments ; and then rested under the trees in the Tuileries Gardens, looking at the Palace, which we had visited some time before, and recalling its various features and memories. I had received, just before leaving the hotel, a very pleasing visit from the Comtesse de M—— and her daughters—so that I was not really quite alone ; but the day was spent solitarily, as all my own dear people were out till very late. They came home laden with fresh and precious memories of the history of the terrible time, and of the pleasures that had preceded it. They asked for a history of my day. In truth, I had but little to tell of my day alone in Paris—though much, much to remember and lay by for future meditation.

Such were the mingled interests and occu-

pations that filled my thoughts, as I compared them with my day alone in Dresden. This was now closing in. The gay market-place had gone through its varied phases as usual. The early morning saw it crowded with huge corn waggons; in the centre coopers and basket-makers placed their burdens all day, and bread and meat-stalls were set up in the far corner of it. Later in the day the fruit and vegetables arrived, and were brought close under my windows, so that I could just see and hear the cheerful hum of intercourse, and watch the little children sent to buy the family dinner for a few "pfennige," as, passing by the cake-stall, they lingered near what they regarded as its far more tempting stores. Then the deep-voiced bell of the Frauenkirche would remind me that my life of *waiting* and *resting*, as it now seems ordered to be, must not idly slip through my fingers, but must be

accounted for—employed, *lived*, not dreamed through; be thankfully prized if prolonged, and willingly resigned if called for. It seems as if this last would be the easier—but we are not to choose, as one I know well would remind me.

So passed the day, till light failed, and I was asked if I would have tea; but I preferred waiting; and I was rewarded by the speedy arrival of my dear companions. They were very cheerful, but very tired; for they had been six hours on foot, and had had rough walking, as it seemed. Tea, however, prevented our talking much that night, and they were glad to go to rest. The letter from our Mother, however, was listened to with great pleasure, and I may say relief; and we all rejoiced more than ever that the Berlin plan had been abandoned—for Godfrey was charmed to be at Dresden; and no one at home

cared that we should go to Berlin for doctors, having found good advice necessary before reaching it.

The next day I heard more of their day's delights; and thinking, from Florence's account, that it must have been a very charming expedition, I begged her to write it out for me, and allow me to place it in my book—as though it is a trip that I cannot possibly take myself on my Plank, I have already seen Saxon Switzerland. She kindly agreed to do so, and I here insert her narrative:—

A DAY IN SAXON SWITZERLAND.

Seven o'clock, one fine July morning, found Godfrey and myself at the railway station, taking tickets to Pirna, being the first stage of our journey on the day which we intended to devote to Saxon Switzerland—a name

which is quite appropriate to the country. Any traveller arriving at Dresden by the Prague line (by which we came) will be struck by the *riante* beauty of the lovely valley of the Elbe. Half an hour's journey by rail through the picturesque groups of villas, villages, &c. that environ Dresden, brought us to the pretty little town of Pirna, where we crossed the river by the ferry, and began our walk in Saxon Switzerland. Our foot-path lay through a deeply-wooded glen, which struck us at first quite cold, in the early morning after the railway. Then we gradually mounted the side of a ravine, where at one spot they persuaded me to enter a cave, the entrance of which was concealed by a fictitious cascade. We reached the famous Bastei rock at ten, from which we had a good view of the plain. The natural mound formed of the pillar-shaped rock and sandstone first suggested the idea of fortifying

it. The three domains of Königstein, Hohnstein, and Hochstein we viewed from the Bastei, which is perched high over the valley. There are crags peculiar to this part, which in former times were haunted by robber-knights, who, watching the approach of vessels on the Elbe, would descend and seize the cargo and then return to their mysterious nests, from which it was found impossible to dislodge them till after the Thirty-years War.

We were repaid for the further walk to Hochstein, (400 feet high) by what was in some respects a better, because a nearer view, of the curious promontories of rock around; after viewing which we descended a yawning abyss called Wolf Schlucht, only accessible by very imperfect steps. We next came out upon a very pretty plain; and, after resting a few minutes in the town, our guide persuaded us to walk on to Hohnstein, before

getting a carriage to take us to Schandau. The walk was a mistake, as it was merely on the high-road, which was quite level, and hot and dusty. Between Hohnstein and Schandau the scenery is again very beautiful; and having sent the carriage round, we traversed a very wild ravine on foot; during which a thunder-storm came on, which fortunately cleared off before our arrival at Schandau; where after dining, and sitting in the pleasant garden overlooking the river, we were picked up by the six o'clock boat, and enjoyed the evening lights on the banks of the winding river. By this tour, we saw quite new scenery—for a considerable part of the way on our return home we passed right under Königstein, where it is difficult to distinguish the points where the masonry begins and ends; though we saw a very satisfactory gun peeping out of a port-hole. Just before dark we passed before Pilnitz,

where the royal family repair for shade and retreat from the hot town. It was quite dark when we landed on the quay at Dresden; the approach to which was very pretty—the gardens and bridge being well lighted. Thus closed a very pleasant day in Saxon Switzerland.

CHAPTER VIII.

News of Prince Koudacheff—Visit from Princess Katherine—The Armistice and Peace—A Quiet Day—Expenditure—A Visit from Mme. P——German Education—German Character—National Names—Recollections of 1857—My Party Lost—Miss Müller in 1857—Miss Müller's visit—Russia—Conversation—Gradations remarkable from East to West—Stoves—Services at the Chapel Royal—Thoughts—Godfrey's stay at Tharand.

JULY 3.—It is pleasant to find one's interests cared for even by those to whom one has never even spoken of them. Poor Grundmann came in this morning, full of glee, to tell me that there was a gentleman in our hotel of the same name as *my* Prince Koudacheff. Could it be

one of mine? I enquired if the Princess were with him; and, on hearing that she was, and that his name was Alexis, I wrote to ask if I might visit her. She immediately sent me word she would come to me; and accordingly did so. For a little while I felt as if all objects of interest and regard were not swept away—as if I too might one day be again at Matru-soff, once more see Viska, or find myself in Kiev, able to walk about. All the dear familiar names that she mentioned took me back to those happy days; and when her kind visit was over, I felt doubly what dreams all these hopes were. But I wrote letters to console myself—letters to those so dearly beloved; and sent to my favourite little Olga the trifle that she wished to possess of mine, and which I had forgotten to leave with her.

Godfrey brought us the news of the singular Armistice and Peace. How I longed to

hear Prince Koudacheff speak of them ; for I was sure that we should agree in mistrusting them, and be more than ever inclined to “ wait and see ” the results of so sudden and irregular a proceeding. It is dangerous for men to make war or peace in a sudden, absolute manner ; it is opposed to the progress of liberal ideas and of commerce, for who would venture anything in the days of conquerors who at their own pleasure wheeled a mighty army right or left to assault their neighbours, whether peaceful or defiant ? Was it not this feeling of universal insecurity that caused nations to form alliances, to raise bulwarks against such a state of doubt and uncertainty ? But we must wait and see ; perhaps this is real magnanimity ; and if so, let us bid it all hail ! For there is not too much of that now in the world ; and, like all the fine old virtues, it haunts chiefly Eastern countries.

We had another quiet day ; but Florence and I spent it together in old-world talk of modes of expenditure, &c.—and I think we agreed upon most points. It may be observed by other travellers crossing from East to West as directly as we were doing, that the charges for articles purchased, or for rent, and the value of coin, are diminished simultaneously. The apartments that cost you two roubles a-day in Kiev, would be charged two thalers in Breslau, two florins in Frankfort, two francs in France, or nearly so ; and the process by which this simultaneous diminution is regulated is very satisfactory to the mind of purchasers, for no one likes to think he has spent more than the article which he required was worth. It is curious what self-gratulation one feels in paying his thalers that they are not roubles, in paying his florins that they are not thalers, and his francs that they are but half-

florins. And I am sure that it is economical to reckon in a low denomination of coin. We spend 5*l.* with less consideration than we part with 100 francs, though it is in fact more; and when, after travelling for some time, and imagining one has spent a great deal in Continental coin, the gentlemen of the party think it will be as well to “reduce the sum to our own standard, and let the ladies know what they are dissipating in English coinage at par”—they are always met with the startling result that they had all thought it must have been a great deal more. And this is pleasant even to the richest, unless they really are foolish enough to enjoy spending more than is requisite upon necessities. For luxuries, for art, for knowledge, for health, for sight-seeing, let us spend freely — for these are all worth their weight in diamonds; but to spend largely in lodging

is purely selfish, that is, when one lives by himself and does not entertain—for eating and drinking, unless rare and exquisite, and such as add to one's experience of life—for travelling in needless hurry or frantic haste—all these are ways of spending money with which I have no sympathy.

My head was still full of these thoughts, and my table and Florence's both covered with papers, when a visitor was announced. Florence was just gone out, so I received Mme. P—— alone. She paid me a very pleasant visit; and there was something irresistibly enlivening in the dancing sparkle of her eyes, though she looked decidedly *practical*—a true German; and I am sure could have given us many valuable hints upon the subject of our late discourse. It is curious how *minute* the German mind is—exact, precise—and yet the imagery it produces is of

the wildest and most daring character. No poet, however, was the lady before me, I imagine, but a woman of good, warm, kindly nature; and as we knew some common friends, and had some common topics of interest, our conversation was easy and flowing. We knew each other directly; and Warsaw and London, Dresden and Kiev, crossed fire rapidly and repeatedly in our discourse.

When she was gone, I was too tired to pursue the subject of education in Germany—so peculiar and so restricted, not in its extent, but in the generalisation of view it ought to impart and in the cultivation of the whole person. I do think that there is something more wanted in the system pursued than is generally given. The German women are usually tender wives and mothers—many of them are deep thinkers—some of them are even rationalists or materialists—alas, that such should

be mothers! But there is not about them the same stamp of general cultivation that one sees in well educated Russian, French, or English women.

By-the-bye, how variously we make noun substantives of the names of some nations, while others are simply qualifiers. Of the first class are Russian, Austrian, Prussian, Italian, Pole, Spaniard, Portuguese, Swede, Dane, Saxon, Norwegian, Arab, Greek, &c.; while French, English, Dutch, require “man” after them—very humiliating!

In following Florence and Godfrey mentally to the Gallery, I naturally remembered my visits in 1857, and the uncomfortable sensation of being lost there by my party. I had found, before the beautiful Magdalene, a friend whom I had known in London. She was very curious to hear all about my plans; and while speaking to her I missed my party—but fancied I had

seen them go up to the Cranach and Albert Durer galleries. Thither I followed; not finding them, I guessed that they had turned to the right and gone down, when I fancied they had turned to the left and ascended. Quickly calling a carriage, I drove to the hotel, and found, to my dismay, that they were already gone to the station, and had left word for me to follow. Of course I did so, and found them all drawn up before the door awaiting me! I was never so much astounded in my life! I sprung out and lost myself in excuses, which I was told were not needed—they had all been so sorry for me. I was still in a whirl, though we had waited some time; but at length we entered the train, and I could think quietly over my too brief intercourse with Miss Müller. It was long since I had seen her; but she had been in Russia too, and I was anxious to hear her impressions. She

called this very day, while Godfrey was at Tharand, looking so fresh and cool in her maize muslin, white bonnet, and grey scarf, like her own beloved Dresden itself—and at once attacked me in my stronghold.

Miss Müller—"You say you like Russia? You are sorry to leave it—would like to go back?"

I.—"Indeed, indeed I should. Nothing but pure necessity drove me away."

Florence—"Oh, I assure you my sister was very unwilling to believe the doctors, who said she must go."

Miss M.—"I cannot understand it. You say you like Russia; yet you must also like dearly many things that you do not find there?"

I.—"Perhaps so; but I find there so much that I do, and must, like and admire also. What hospitality! What just views of other nations and countries!"

Miss M.—"Well, I found the reverse of all that. I saw much intolerance and indifference to truth—and much, much that was physically dirty and morally impure. I do not mean regarding people that I *knew*, but things I heard of."

I.—"I do not speak, either, of the house I lived in—for I was very, very fortunate—but of my general impressions."

Miss Müller.—"I was very fortunate too—but I saw all that."

I.—"But were you surrounded by Russians?"

Miss M.—"Ah, no—but with excellent people."

I.—"I do not in the least doubt it; but I was only speaking of Russians. I have lived intimately with Russians only, and can judge only of them; and I think, if you had been with them, you too would have felt as I do

—your heart would have been insensibly won to this great nation. But did you not like the stoves?" asked I, to change the subject.

"Ah, yes, they are charming. One has never cold feet in Russia; the room is warmed at once—and they are so easily managed too."

"And then the bread—and the coffee!" said Florence.

"And the ices, and the wines!" said Miss Müller.

They were in a praising vein—very agreeable to hear; and from this we glided into a comparison of Russian comforts and arrangements with those we found in moving westwards.

"It is singular," said Miss Müller, "how gradual is the change—I have often remarked that it is perfectly progressive."

We amused ourselves by tracing this gradation in stoves first. The large square

stove, firmly built into the wall, thoroughly warming several rooms, for twenty-four hours, with the same quantity of wood that would warm them imperfectly if burnt in an open chimney, for about one-third of the cost, too, and not requiring such constant attention. In Silesia they use a smaller stove, which is a little detached from the wall. In Saxony, one still smaller, and more detached, but still generally of a square form. Further west, a round iron stove replaces the square one made of tiles; and a frightful and most inconvenient chimney-pipe connects it with the roof or wall. At Strasburg we took leave of this most awkward and unsatisfactory article of furniture, and thenceforward had to endure the "chenets" and firewood of France, and the coal and fireplaces of England. But nothing is so clean, so warm, or so economical of fuel and labour as the Russian stove.

All honour to the inventor ! It only requires care not to close it till the fire is quite extinguished, and all the gases dissipated.

We then talked of other instances of "gradation"—of literature, genius, and modes of life, of sales, carpets, &c.,—and of the people we knew and loved, till the warning voice of the Frauenkirche said, "Mortals, it is a quarter past three !"—and Miss Müller hurried off, to catch her train for Schandau.

Florence went to hear a beautiful service at the Chapel Royal, and I remained at home—thinking over much that had been, and had not been, said—and feeling the mighty chain that links all together, a bond which is very near and dear to me.

North, South, East, and West there are minds that speak volumes to us, persons whose names remind us of their different habits and nationalities, all of whom are

nevertheless nearer than we sometimes think, or feel them to be. And the more our trials, the greater our experience, so much the nearer do distant parts appear ; just as the space that separates an Alexander from a Napoleon seems to diminish as our knowledge of history becomes more complete. The dear East is not, after all, so remote from us as we who live so far west are apt to imagine.

Godfrey was spending this day at Tharand, which is a very pretty little town, if town it be, half-an-hour by railway out of Dresden. It was an old haunt of his, for he had lived there, studying German, for nearly two years ; and certainly he succeeded in his object—for it never occurs to one that anything in German can be difficult to him, as he speaks it with as much facility as if it were his native tongue. The family with whom he had then resided were still to be seen, and

it was with no small pleasure that he proposed to revisit them and their locale. It is sometimes dangerous to revisit persons or places of which one has agreeable recollections ; but he had no cause to fear—his reception would be, he said, friendly, notwithstanding the five long years that had elapsed since he had bid them adieu.

We were very glad to see him return in good time, with what Florence calls his "felon head"—he had had his hair cut so extremely short. We laughed, and told him that he had had it cut in such a manner to favour his old Dresden coiffeur ; but it really did not disfigure him at all.

Our stay here was now drawing to a close ; we had only two days more to inhabit our comfortable rooms.

First floors!—how different they may be ! The word suggests luxury—comfort at least

—but how very wide is the difference between my first floor, for instance, and that of my opposite neighbour! I do not compare it with those of palaces roofed with cedar or inlaid with marble, or even with one in Park Lane, or with the gaudy Hôtel des Deux-Mondes at Paris. No, I was only at the "Stadt Rom" in Dresden, and will therefore compare my habitation, clean, comfortable, and pretty, though far from magnificent, with the one from which I was divided only by a very narrow street, and into which, therefore, I could not help looking whenever I went to the only window which did not open straight upon the New Market or the Frauenkirche. And in the first-floor window opposite I saw something to interest me. There was a very young girl, about sixteen or seventeen, who generally sat there sewing most industriously, only looking up occasionally

to answer a little eager child playing and prattling beside her, or to hand her work, as if for inspection, to some one who sat near. The latter extended, in return, a small, thin hand, pale and dirty, holding a fresh piece of work. The work appeared to be something in the tailoring line—waistcoat facing or button-hole making, or some other mystery of the trade. I could see that the young girl generally smiled on these occasions, and looked up.

Now and then it was an older hand, equally pale and thin, that supplied her with work—and then, too, a bit of whisker would also appear, and the whole length of a shirt sleeve. Some days passed, during which I saw no more than this—but this I saw at all hours. If the deep-sounding clock told me in the dark that it was two or three in the morning, still I saw the candle burning in the window.

If I rose myself to greet the rising sun, my young neighbour was already at her post ; and if I lingered, or rather if we lingered, over our tea till far into the night, I saw, on the termination of this modest carouse, that my poor friends had had none at all, but were still hard at work. The only relaxation they appeared to enjoy was that taken at sunset, when I sometimes saw the little child running in the market-place with her companions, and the elder girl pacing up and down watching her. The latter appeared to be devoted to this child, and the brightest smile that crossed her pale countenance was when she washed or dressed the little one. Neither of them ever seemed to cast a longing or coveting eye upon the tempting stalls of fruit, vegetables, and other aliments displayed in the busy market-place, though, in their own poor home, food seemed to be the thing least attended to

—certainly much less than work or instruction.

Interested in the graceful, hard-working girl, and in the little child who must, I supposed, be her sister, I no longer went to my window only by chance, but would often rise from my bed on purpose to see something of my industrious neighbours. I believe all the hours that sounded from the beautiful church, dedicated to one pure and saintly maid, found me reading a page in the devoted life of another. Some slight changes in the arrangement of their furniture aided my observation, and I soon perceived that the owner of the small pale hand—a boy of about thirteen or fourteen years of age—was perhaps the most unwearied worker of them all. A younger girl, also, who went daily to school, assisted the family on her return. I soon recognized her playing with some other school children in the street below, and with her

a very remarkable-looking child of about ten years old, with no beauty except a profusion of very glossy light hair. Although she was very tidily dressed, there was an air of even greater poverty about her than about any of my friends in the house opposite, accompanied, however, by a certain effective and decided bearing, that told in all she did, and was evidently felt by all her companions. Every step taken by those well-turned bare legs and feet appeared to have some specific object—whatever her hands attempted to do, they did, and she appeared to be always helping those weaker or more awkward than herself. To my surprise, I saw her one day, in my poor friends' room, receive an enormous bit of bread, which she ate with apparent avidity. After this I observed her often there, and began to think that, though unlike the rest, she might be one of the family—per-

haps the poor boy's pet sister; for he always brightened when she drew near his inevitable stool; and though he did not relax in his work, nor look less hot and pale, I could see that her presence shortened the day for him.

One evening he was still at his work. A candle burnt on the table near him, and by his side the little curly-headed child was finishing what appeared to be a somewhat unsavoury supper. Whether it was from sleep, disgust, or want of appetite, I cannot say, but the little thing soon pushed aside her cup and plate with a weary air, and laid her head down on her arms. The elder sister, seeing this, took her up and carried her off to bed. My readers may laugh, but I was quite anxious till I saw the little child in her place the next morning. As soon as she had left the brother's table, I saw there a small individual busy with pen and ink, and apparently trying

hard, under his directions, to master the mystery of pot-hooks. It was not one of the faces I had usually seen there, and I felt inclined to exclaim, like Macbeth, "Another, and another, and another!" But as I could not stand very long at a time, my observations were somewhat broken. Early the next morning, however, the light happened to fall so exactly on the doorway of the humble little tenement, that I perceived what the great "Lamp of Architecture" would have called "ornamentation" around it, which said ornamentation appeared to take the whimsical form of words—nay, of letters; and, as I gazed, behold this legend stood out clear, in quaint German characters:—

"This house was burnt by fire in 1829, and rebuilt, by God's help, in 1834."

Close by this I also discovered a faded little inscription, setting forth the important

fact that Julius Grahl lived in the first floor, and was a Schneider-Meister.

There is something in a name after all. I felt as if I knew the family better now I had obtained their name. This was on a Sunday morning, and I soon found an unusual appearance in the little room—work put away, all “cleared up,” and the poor dresses, neat as they always were, put on with extra care. The pale faces and hands looked fresher, and everything showed that the day of rest had come. The evening before I had descried a new little personage, writing, as I said, beside the brother; and now we beheld two little creatures at the window, one of whom had a singularly bright, delicate face, with laughing blue eyes. From seeing me so often at the window, the elder girl and her little pet had begun to smile, as if desiring acquaintance, when they met my eye. This morning

the little girl nodded, and I returned the amicable sign—whereupon she showed me some wretched plaything that she had, and I held up to view a tiny little mirror. This quite fascinated her: she followed it with her eyes as I moved it up and down from right to left, and called the others to share in her amusement.

But soon the whole family went off to church, where I did not know—probably to the venerable church of which I just caught a glimpse at the end of the narrow alley that separated my rooms from theirs.

Florence soon after this came in from her church, where she had formed some English half-acquaintances; and when she had told me about this and about the service, I told her how interested I was in my neighbours. I said—

“You may laugh, Florence, but I really feel

inclined to send them in some little present before I go—they have interested me so much since I have been here.”

“Do,” she replied; “I am sure I shall not laugh at you. What shall I do?—shall I get you a cake to-morrow?”

I thanked her warmly for so kindly acceding to my views, and the next day she brought me in a beautiful cake for the little family. I looked out some neat collars and cuffs for the girl, and selected the enchanted mirror for the little one, a penknife for the boy, and a cake for the school trio and their father. Then calling Kaiser in, I entrusted them to her care, telling her to say that I had sent them things of that kind, because they were offered not by way of almsgiving, but as a friendly *souvenir* of the interest I had taken in their cheerful and diligent home life. I also gave her the following letter for them,

written in my best German, which, however, fearing it might be unintelligible, I took the precaution of reading to her :—

“MY DEAR NEIGHBOURS,—Since I have been here, I have each day, with great interest, observed the diligence and cheerfulness of your daily life, and I therefore beg you to do me the kindness of accepting a little memorial of the sick lady whose weary hours you have so much cheered, and who has been specially interested in the little children, to whom she sends a cake, with a mirror for the youngest, and penknife for the good, diligent elder brother. She also begs the eldest sister to wear these collars and sleeves for her sake. Farewell, my dear neighbours, may God bless your industry and sweet cheerfulness to each and to each other, and bring you all safe to your real home, where there is no more trou-

ble. I shall often think of you in my distant journey.

“Yours affectionately,

“CHARLOTTE MARIA PEPYS.”

Kaiser went joyously with the parcel, and a message that, if they were pleased, they might send me their names and ages in their own handwriting; and I soon saw her in the opposite house—her ample skirts and large person nearly filling up the little room, and a busy crowd listening eagerly to her. Of course I then retreated, and she soon re-appeared, brimming over with delight.

“Oh!” said she, “it was a real pleasure to see such joy. They could not speak for delight; the poor father was quite overcome, and bid me tell you they would all pray for your health and restoration—for I told them you were ill, and he said they would never

forget you. He is a tailor, and they are very poor ; he lost his wife, after a long illness, a few months ago, and since that the youngest but one of his children. He has six still living, but has great difficulty to feed and clothe them all, though they are very diligent, and the two eldest a great help to him. Oh ! they were so pleased with the parcel ! It made quite their first pleasure, they said."

"And the letter—could they read it ? " I asked.

"The father took it, and read it aloud with tears in his eyes ; and the children stood round, as they were all at home to-day. Oh, you really have made a glad day for these poor things ! "

And I never liked Kaiser herself so well as when she thus warmly interested herself for this poor family, and spoke of their joy with tears in her eyes.

The list of names was very well written, as follows :—Theresa Grahl, 18 years ; Julius Grahl, 14 ; Bruno Grahl, 10 ; Emil Grahl, 7 ; Anna Grahl, 4 ; Julius Grahl, Schneider-Meister.

That evening, just at sunset, I went past the window, and received from the father a low bow, with a wave of both hands, that spoke volumes—much more than the little gift deserved ; and on the morrow the whole family watched us as we issued forth from the door of the hôtel, and I resumed the “ Plank ” in the carriage that was to convey me to the railway station. The last friendly signals being given and returned, we drove off—and may never see Julius Grahl and his family again ; but if any one has been interested in the tale of their industry and suffering, he may find Julius Grahl in the little street running out of the Neumarkt, Kirchplatz,

and close to the Hôtel "Stadt Rom"—the master of which would, I am sure, take care of any sum entrusted to him for this poor family. The Rev. Thomas Dale, English clergyman at Dresden, would, I have no doubt, gladly do the same.

I am indebted to the Grahls, and very thankful to them, for having taught me once again the lesson never too often learnt—

"How much of poetry there lies
Half hidden our paths around ;
How slightest links become new ties,
And make e'en highways holy ground."

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Dresden—Leipsic—Books upon Russia—
 Eisenach—The Family Meeting—Interest in others often
 denied to Invalids—Mystery with Invalids—Cassel—
 Bonames — Frankfort — Rheinischer Hof — Crowds—
 Heat and Noise—Change of Rooms—Guy Fawkes—
 The Baronne de ——— —Letters Returned—Waiting—
 Melancholy Landlord—The Back-stroke of a War—
 Dining—Opium Forbidden—The Ariadne-Criticisms—
 Rose-coloured Light.

THIS pleasant little episode was the last worth recording of our stay in Dresden. A tremendously fierce sunshine made our journey to Leipsic fatiguing. There we had settled to dine, finding that the courier's plan was to

run in there, instead of taking Florence's better plan of turning off at Riesa. However, much to our disappointment, there was no train on from Leipsic; so we had to spend many hours in a very wretched hôtel, where it was impossible to rest, and to go on to Cassel next day, abandoning altogether the lower and pleasanter tour. Being in Leipsic, however, the great mart for books, I asked for and obtained one or two works, Russian and French—but Dumas' "Russia" I could not find, though I was very anxious to see it. As the country round Dresden is remarkable for its beauty, so that near Leipsic is celebrated as the field of one of the greatest battles recorded in history; but as everyone knows the Battle of Leipsic better than our grandmothers knew "the Battle of Prague," I need say no more about it.

We had parted with our faithful Grundmann

in Dresden. He had gone back to his little Trolls and Mrs. Troll in Warsaw—and we were going on westward. The country was really pretty part of the way, and I pleased myself by trying to read my volume of Russian poems. Even to see the type again, and to discover that there were dépôts for it in London and Paris, was a pleasure to me. My book upon Russia, “*La Sainte Russie*,” will probably be as little truthful and consistent as the books of all the other writers upon the same country. It is not quite just that Russia, being too distant to be well known, should therefore be misjudged. Why not leave her in peace, poor country!

We passed by Eisenach to Gerstungen. I could fancy spending some time quietly enough in this neighbourhood—it looks cheerful, though the people are a little too thrifty; and in general I prefer Southern to Northern

Germany. I do not wish to write an erudite or historical treatise, or much might be said about the country we passed over on this journey ; but such is not my intention.

I think it was one station before we reached Eisenach, that I observed a crowd of eager young faces looking out for the train, and peering into the carriages as they moved slowly past. It was a group of young fellows who looked like students, and they all seemed to be expecting somebody. One at length exclaimed, "She is there!—they are there!" and immediately embraced one of their number. The others all repeated the cry and the embrace, and then rushed in a body to the train. The fortunate receiver of their embraces, however, was the first at the carriage door ; where, lifting out a little child, he covered him with kisses, and passed him on to the numerous arms ready to receive him.

Next he handed out a maid, and then another baby, which was treated in the same manner as the former one. A very pretty bonnet and dress were then extricated from the carriage. At first I could see nothing of the wearer, by reason of the fond embrace, that would not be restrained, with which she was received. But presently she turned, and displayed a very lovely face, of the fairest German type. She looked for the children—they were in everybody's arms. A friend of her husband's had gone to look after the luggage; another had his arms full of toys; a third was taking out small parcels; a fourth securing a carriage—and all looking as if everyone had received a long-looked for wife and children! The last I saw of them, as we moved off, was, that each had fulfilled his office; the maid, luggage, and toys were stowed in their places—the little children lifted in with

many caresses—then followed the parents—the door was shut, and the little carriage turned down a green lane, while the friends followed on foot.

It was a scene that must occur very, very often, but it pleased me. These little “touches of nature,” that make the whole world akin, are among the pleasant and profitable lessons that we receive in travelling, and refresh the mind by the healthful sympathy with the feelings and interests of others which they excite for the moment.

I believe that the power of being interested in others is all of earth that is worth living for; anything else fades and grows vapid before the touch of suffering—that test of true pleasures. This alone does not lose its divine charm; for of course I do not mean *interested* as one is for the moment by gossip and news concerning others—that falls very flat upon

the ears of those whose constant pain, or wearing weakness, makes the unwonted exertion it demands to follow or retain it, very fatiguing. But to be able—to be allowed to rejoice with the glad, to be anxious with the anxious, and sad with the sorrowful, is a very great privilege, and one too often denied to the invalid, as “too much” for him. No, *this* is not “too much” for him; it is but another incentive to watchful prayer; it is only good, and edifying, and right for him—a counterpoise to the peculiar danger of invalids, that of becoming egotistical and self-occupied. Besides, it is one of the most glorious privileges of man—and to be shut out from experiencing it is one of the hardest trials of illness.

Something of this I was saying to Florence, when she replied :—

“ But do you think it is denied to invalids ? ”

“ Yes,” I replied, “ I do indeed. It is regarded as too trying for their nerves to share in the anxieties or excitements of others ; and of course in acute diseases, or great exhaustion, it may be so—though I doubt whether at such moments anything external would excite or depress.”

“ Then you speak of habitual invalids, or those in a chronic or lingering state ? ”

“ Yes, and theirs is a hard case ; because everyone, in excessive kindness, will always look at them in the mirror of their sufferings, instead of in the broader aspect of humanity. Whereas, the very thing that is at once balm and cordial to them, is, to be treated in the same manner as others, and as equally useful, in everything not affected by their illness.”

“ Ah, but everything is so affected.”

“ Not necessarily, dear—and not by every kind of illness ; and I assure you that there are many instances to prove that they are in general only the better for being allowed to take their part in common interests—not excluded from them.”

“ Well, my dear old lady, you shall not be excluded ; but you know it comes quite naturally to one not to trouble sick people with matters that cannot interest them.”

“ Of course, it seems very often loss of time and trouble to speak of such things in their presence ; but very often, also, those who are well keep back their anxieties or cares, because they considerately imagine it better for their sick friend not to bear any part of them ; and it is very amiable, but a mistake.”

“ You are not now speaking of anxiety about the invalid ? ”

“No, I was referring to cares exterior to his own—and which he might lighten, without falling under the load. But in that case also, in anxiety about himself, I think there is too much mystery. Why should he not hear all that there is to be known? I am still not speaking of acute disease.”

“No,” said Florence, “I understand; but the fact is, one is always afraid of the patient imagining that things are very bad with him—and thus making them so.”

“In other words, you doubt his judgment. Whereas, as he *feels* all that you only *conjecture*, the probabilities are that he would be less alarmed than you yourself. The reality is always less than the imagination. It is very reasonable for a doctor to know, and to think he knows, better than his patient; but I do believe it would be happier for all parties if there were less mystery observed about the

doctor's half-understood explanations to the family."

"I know you do not put much faith in them."

"I do not. How often have my doctor and I been on most explicit and sensible grounds agreed, when, a third person coming in, and, evidently misunderstanding us both, has derived, from the "confidential interview," such garbled ideas of the symptoms, that no credence was to be attached to what he said of the remedies ; and yet, of course his opinion must be better than mine—because doctors don't tell invalids everything ; and, besides, invalids don't see things in the same light."

"Yes, that is very true—that I have often remarked ; but what would you do to reform the world ? "

"I would have the physician confide *most*

in his patient, if he wishes his patient to confide in him ; and see no one else, except when he has something to tell them which they can't mistake, and ought to know. And I would have invalids generally considered as being the same, mentally, as usual : as able to reason, as ready to sympathize—as clear and courageous in their own case, as they are warm and tender for others. Why treat them as infirm in every part because their liver, lungs, or limbs are ill ?”

“ My dear, we do not.”

“ I think we do. Is not a discussion dropped if an invalid seems eager in it?—are not tidings *broken* to him?—his own progress, favourable or unfavourable, spoken of with evasion? I mean of course in most cases ; and this out of the tenderest care and lovingkindness ; yet it galls and excites. No, let our intercourse in health and sickness be the same

—true as well as tender; open as well as faithful; and we shall be all the better for it, I assure you, dear Florence.”

“Here we are at Gerstungen!” said Florence, dryly.

We were not at Cassel until a rather late hour. This quaint old town is the capital of Lower Hesse, and is situated on the Fulda, which gave its name to one of the earliest German monasteries. We went across the dreary wide Friedrichs Platz to the “Römischer Kaiser,” but we had no time to visit the curiosities of the place, a neat little account of which, with the time-tables of the railways, was put into our hands as we entered the hotel. I cannot say that we were very anxious, however, to go to the Summer Palace, though it is said to rival Chatsworth, nor even to the Löwenburg Toy; and as to the Versailles of Germany,

the far-famed Wilhelmshöhe, it exhibited itself in all its unmitigated bad taste, glaring down upon us in the sunshine, as we passed below it in the train next morning. Our journey was not particularly beautiful, nor particularly interesting, till we reached Bonames, which is the station for Homburg. How well I remembered the long line of road, between two rows of trees, leading to the latter place, along which a little omnibus, white with dust, was creeping, groaning, and scrambling, just as it did on that day in August, 1857, when I last was here.

At three o'clock we were at Frankfort. We had written for rooms at the "Rheinischer Hof"—believing, from an advertisement, that that was the railway hotel. Godfrey kindly asked for a *Rés-de-Chaussée* for me; and we were shown into two very small cheerful rooms that looked out on

a narrow street. A very large waggon, with monstrous horses, was standing outside; and the poor horses, teased by the flies, stamped vehemently. We were not sorry when they moved on. But no sooner was this waggon gone, than others took its place. We were, alas, in a street leading to the quay! Glad to rest, I accepted the offer of the kind landlord to have my room arranged immediately, and he himself aided to move the furniture, which was difficult to arrange, because of the impracticable stove, that stood out, as such stoves will do, in the most inconvenient part of the room. This done, and no small dexterity being displayed in the doing of it, Florence and Godfrey went to dinner, and afterwards to walk, leaving me, as they hoped, to rest. Rest was, however, impossible—the heat of the room, the noise of the street, and the curiosity of the passers-

by rendered the room, with windows open or windows shut, almost equally unendurable.

Evening came on, and we lit our candles for tea; a gaping crowd instantly assembled outside; we closed the shutters, but the heat was stifling. It was the same in bed; and, after a very wretched night, passed between neuralgia and other depressing influences, Florence found me the next morning looking, I suppose, very tired; for she said nothing, but went out of the room. When she returned, she gave me breakfast, and read, as usual; and then said:—

“Will you submit to be carried upstairs? For I have seen a very nice room, where I think there will be rather less noise.”

I signified my gratitude and my assent, and submitted to be carried to a large, cheerful, airy room, looking on a little

“Place,” before the oldest church in Frankfort. We were still in the street leading to the quay, but, we hoped, raised too much above it to mind the noise.

I was truly thankful and grateful for the relief, and did not reflect that I had, by this act and deed, signed away my independence; for never since have my kind guardians allowed me to walk upstairs!—and I have very peaceably submitted myself to be transported in a chair, feeling, however, one minute inclined to laugh at myself as a very wretched Guy Fawkes, and the next to despise myself for doing what I had so often said I never would do, laying the burden of my weight on my fellow-creatures. Ah! it is not the only point in which I am doing what I always said I would not do; that I always felt I could not do. *Apropos* to Guy Fawkes, I one day said to Florence that I was sure I looked like him,

and she laughed so much as to prove to me that the same idea had struck her. I taxed her with it.

“Well,” said she, “it has occurred to me—the woful hat, and the drooping feather,” and she laughed again.

There is something so very helpless and hopeless in the weakness that requires to be thus transported—it makes the spirit sink full fathoms five to find oneself either in a Bath chair or in a *Chaise à Porteurs*.

As we were approaching Frankfort, I had delighted myself with the idea that I should certainly see or hear something of the Baronne de —, the last link of the dear Russian chain of sympathies. Her sister-in-law was, I knew, at Ems, forming part of the *cortége* of the Empress Dowager. I had written to her to learn if there was any chance of meeting either of them; for I did not know exactly

when they were to quit Ems, and Frankfort would be a natural point in their transit thence. I had also a dear little cousin of my own (the first incentive to my deeds of authorship) who was possibly, as I believed, still there. To her I had likewise written, and hoped to find answers from both at one of the hôtels we had named; but, to my great disappointment, although one letter had arrived, it had been sent back again by the conscientious German landlord, and of course I had no clue by which to discover which correspondent had answered me. I wrote to the Post-office at Ems, but with very little hope of any favourable answer, if the same crabbed specimen of humanity still presided there that used formerly to answer us in wretched English that there were no letters.

Still, however, I waited, unwilling to lose

the last chance of seeing the Baronne, the last I could see of all that dear family-party, or of making acquaintance with her sister-in-law, of whom I had heard so much. The next day's post brought me letters from England, saying that my cousin had left Ems, so that I was now sure that the letter came from the Baronne or her sister-in-law.

Florence and Godfrey waited very patiently. Frankfort, though a fine-looking town, possesses very few points of attraction. They drove to Homburg one day, but found it very melancholy and empty. They recognized no faces there, and, in general, one is sure to meet one's countrymen and acquaintances in flocks at Homburg. Perhaps we were rather early for them—perhaps the war has kept people at home—for though, in our *trajet*, we have passed along the principal roads, we have

met but very few travellers, and scarcely any of our own nation.

The landlord and servants of the hôtel looked quite ruined and heartbroken, and said that the war had knocked up everything—that “there have been no travellers, are no travellers, will be no travellers this summer.” It is true that the nations upon which they depend most, the Russians and the English, are both kept at home as spectators of the Continental fight, and the former by internal causes also. The poor owner of this house had indeed no one to fill his rooms, and Florence says he marched her through suites of unoccupied chambers, and, with a melancholy smile, gave us these for the same price as the small holes we had downstairs.

How many people are ruined by the backstroke of a war which, to a superficial ob-

server, would not seem to touch them or their interests! The moment of the meeting of the Confederation was the only good moment for Frankfort. No great events took place while we were here; but I find the even tenor of our days marked down as follows in my diary:—

July 10th-22nd.—These rooms are certainly much better than the others; and though German voices will still sound here, German carts will not so completely deafen one, and German eyes will not look in. We had quite a crowd last night, and, not wishing to live in public, I rejoice in the change. Neuralgia very severe, and heat great all day. Florence and Godfrey went to see the *Ariadne*, and soon after they were gone out an apparently *impromptu* cup of coffee and a fresh *Galignani* made their appearance to cheer me. Florence came in for an instant, presently, to bring

me a very little drop of very weak opium. This drug is forbidden, and no apothecary in Frankfort will sell it without a written prescription from a physician. I copied one by heart, but that would not suffice, and I could only obtain just enough for one dose, which, however, considerably soothed me; and when, after the walk, Florence and Godfrey came in, enraptured with the Ariadne, I was quite able to enjoy their description of it. It is indeed a beautiful thing, and well do I remember my visit to it with Olga. The rare perfection of the figure—so light, yet so perfectly poised upon the animal's back—the grace of the limbs, the proud yet gentle air of the head, the fearlessness with which she has committed herself to the fierce beast, now perfectly under her command. Then the fierce beast itself! Ah! there's the question—is it not too small for its burden?

Is not the poising of those wonderful limbs rather miraculous? But what am I, that I presume to criticize Danneker? Well, then, let me criticize the arrangements made by the guardians of this splendid work of art (for such it really is), and ask why the light and the curtain are so distributed as to cast a red glow over the whole, unless it be to imitate the colouring of sunrise or sunset? I cannot like it; it may be natural enough for the maiden, but I think her sylvan courser was, probably, of the same hue as other lionesses. If any colouring at all is shed upon sculpture, I think it should be a little life-like, not painted cheeks and hair, with glass eyes, like those of a magnificent Cleopatra who startled me once, I remember, very considerably. She was of colossal proportions, and on a raised pedestal. Looking up for the beautiful face that I expected to see, after admiring the perfect

foot, to my great surprise I encountered a pair of large dark eyes. This is not the kind of colouring I admire, but neither do I like flesh-coloured lionesses. The actual white of the sculpture is, however, very beautifully softened by this rosy tint. I do not think that my companions found this fault in the Ariadne; and as they are both much better judges of art than I am, I bowed to their judgment, but, with characteristic obstinacy, record my own.

CHAPTER X.

The Fair in 1857—My Companions—Sights in Frankfort—Recollections of Former Visits and *Contretemps*—Sights and Noises—The Ewige Gebet—Reflections—Bad News—Delays—Taunus Hills—Schwalbach—Schlangenbad—Homburg—Wiesbaden—Soden—English! oh, speak to me!—Beauty—Expedition to Wiesbaden—Greek Chapel—Choir—Expedition to Schwalbach—Ettville—Walk to Schlangenbad—Recognition—A Joyful Meeting—Mariquita—Her Care and Counsel—An Evening at Schwalbach—Return to Frankfort—Should Personal Narrative be Vague or Detailed?—Specimen of Case Absolute.

WHEN I was here last, the town was busy and animated with the fair just then taking place, and the principal streets, quite to the entrance of the Zeil, were crowded with booths, display-

ing all kinds of merchandize, from the whole of Germany—furs from Memel, Tilsit, Königsberg, glass from Bohemia, amber from Breslau and Vienna, clothing from all the Jews' quarters, in all the Jewish towns—of which Frankfort is, indeed, the principal—and woollen articles from the “industrious country house-wives.” It was a busy, noisy scene, and I remember envying some friends of mine who appeared to think it amusing. They were beautiful English girls, and my chief pleasure in the whole affair arose from the evident but respectful admiration that they everywhere excited. They had come to Frankfort after myself, and, of course, wished to be told what were the principal objects of interest. But there was very little that I could recommend to them, for Frankfort, notwithstanding its imposing appearance, is a disappointing town; and, considering its

real importance, is both small and uninteresting.

I went into the Town-hall, the Dom Kirche, and all the other buildings supposed to be interesting, including a "Vorstellung" of Pictures, but could not get up any admiration ; perhaps it was my own fault, for Frankfort has been to me an unlucky place, and probably I had a little unconscious prejudice against it. No great misfortune, certainly, had overtaken me at Frankfort, but a number of small discomforts.

On our very first arrival there, we were very anxious indeed to go further, and to get to our journey's end. The official, however, to whom we told our tale, and whose advice we asked, listened to nothing, but kept reiterating his complaints that the money in our hands was all *thalers* instead of *gulden*. Vain was all our best German to make him understand that we wished to have our ques-

tion answered first, and the money question settled afterwards; vain, too, was his best German to make us understand the value of our thalers in gulden, or the fact of gulden and florins being the same—until a compassionate bystander, struck by our forlorn condition, explained to each of us what the other wanted. This would have been nothing at all had one been alone, but it was mortifying, acting as couriers to a large party, to be obliged, after all, to let them sleep within two hours' distance of their desired haven. Then, again, next time I came alone, a rapid night-and-day journey from Nice—beautiful weather, everything prosperous—until, in an evil hour, I consented to go by Frankfort (which I never should have done), and trusted my luggage to the care of a too zealous official at Bâle, who promised to have it passed, weighed, and booked for me—and he was to bring me the ticket;

the train whistled off before he did so, and of course, on arriving at Frankfort, I had no luggage, and had to proceed on my way, carrying in my hand such small purchases as I was obliged to make. On another occasion it was at Frankfort that I parted from some very dear companions who were going off to Switzerland—and then, it must be confessed, happened the only good that Frankfort has ever brought me; for it was here that I joined those whom to have known will ever be my joy and my pride. And now I was again at Frankfort, the first incident in it, this *contre-temps* about the letter, occasioned me some trouble; and I was, either from the air of the place, or from anxiety, fatigue, or some other cause, suffering from neuralgia, and particularly sensitive to noise.

Under the clumps of trees before the church merry schoolboys laughed, and leapt,

and shouted. The beer-merchant opposite had made a profitable sale, and had just had the cooper in to look over the casks required to ship it. The latter had been making a constant rat-tat-tat, screw-driving, hammering on and off the iron hoops, sawing planks to strengthen weak places, whistling and singing all the time, and driving his blows with a good-will and earnestness that, as I observed to Florence, gave some insight into his character. This good man worked from sunrise till long after dark ; and I especially enjoyed his dinner-hour, though it enabled me to hear still more clearly the rumbling of carts on their way to the quay, the practising of an embryo tenor-major, and the howling of a most uncomfortable dog, which was, however, soon lost, at night at least, in the shriller wailings of cats innumerable. One night I fairly laughed, when

unable to sleep, at the curious medley of sounds which we had to encounter here. I have not reckoned the ceaseless chatter of German voices, nor the peculiar sound made on the pavement of German streets, for every traveller on the Continent is familiar with these; but, after we had endured all this, still thankfully rejoicing that we were not downstairs, my ears were saluted one morning with sounds far pleasanter in themselves, had they reigned alone; but alas! they only swept over the moving mass. This was a grand chant from the Roman Catholic church opposite—whose music, by-the-bye, was so much like some of our own, and many of the Lutheran hymns, that I positively enquired whether it could be a Roman Catholic church? It was, indeed, the oldest in Frankfort; and, as I listened to the sounds issuing from it, I could not but fancy that I still recognized in them some of

our glorious old chants. Pealing and dying away, I caught the anthem from time to time, when the cooper stopped his hammering to wipe his brow, and the dog left off howling to eat his breakfast. There was a little interval while the bells rang—then the chant began again, and fresh worshippers filled the seats. This went on for many hours; at last Kaiser came running in, in her ponderous fashion:—

“Oh! gracious lady, may I go to the ‘Ewige Gebet;’* it is so fine, lady, it is always going on somewhere; when it ceases here at eight o’clock to-night, it will begin at Höchst, and so on the whole year round. Every church has its turn; therefore it never really ceases.”

Pleased by her eagerness, I of course let her go; and I must say that the

* Instituted, I believe, by Pope Paul III.

thoughts suggested by her revelations enabled me to bear the noise of the day much more cheerfully, consoled by the glorious idea, "It never really ceases." This is indeed a "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." The voice of man, falling into the hymn of nature, thus takes its own part in the eternal melody for ever sounding from spheres and systems, from worlds and planets, from angels and all created things, to praise

"Him first, Him last, Him world without end!"

How very, very minute must such an idea make all one's own affairs appear! While its influence is felt, no occupation can appear worthy of such a being as man, except that of joining in this, the real choral symphony, both

with heart and voice, even in daily life. No present ills, and certainly not mine, ought to engage one's attention; and yet here was no small palliative for them. He to whom the "Ewige Gebet" was addressed knew me, sympathized with my sufferings, and had doubtless ordained all for my good.

Why do we not feel this oftener? It lightens our load very much. It does not certainly prevent one from regretting the errors of mankind; but it enables us to live down the sorrows that afflict ourselves, which seem to be their immediate consequences. Yet how often—oh! how often—ere this living and grieving is accomplished, have we to remind ourselves of our own resolution *not* to say, "Would that the words had never been uttered—the action never completed—that had worked me all this woe, and involved me in almost inextricable annoyances.

Would that the idea had never been conceived!"

Letters! letters! What a joyful cry that is, when one has many distant friends to whom this cobweb thing our heart holds fondly until it breaks. Ferdinand brought in several this morning; with what blind eagerness they are seized—for perhaps we are rushing upon news that may lead to our own despair, or the despair of those we love.

Well, and what then? Is it the further off for that seal being unbroken?—that letter unread? No, whatever it be, let me know all, and be ready to bear all. Nothing wounds so painfully as the concealment of what ought to be told.

There was no need to open all the letters brought in to-day, in order to discover their contents. The black seal on one of them told me at once that the spirit of one long and

heavily smitten was released—that the centre had been taken from a family; for centre she still had been, though for so many months confined by continual and severe suffering. The mother bird had flown from the nest; but she had the comfort of knowing that all her nestlings would follow her teaching, and fly the same heavenward way, when they too should be summoned.

No answer yet from Ems. Yet my cousin was at Schwalbach, and talked of coming over to see us; but knowing, as I well do, the fatigue of such an excursion, and the importance of her course of “cure” not being interrupted, I gave her no encouragement, and told her truly how uncertain our stay was; for from day to day I was still too unwell to move, and yet hoped each day to be able to say, “To-morrow we will go.” We had received the sinews of war,

for which we had written, and therefore nothing had been needed but this letter, and my being able to start—but the pause was now on all accounts most desirable.

We spent several more days at Frankfort, during which Godfrey's great resource was the purchase of a portmanteau, in which he invested, by our wise and joint counsels, somewhat handsomely, in order to secure a good return of usefulness. The *pros* and *cons* amused me—they are so wonderfully alike in all human affairs, from wars to wardrobes. A discussion of them is a thing *sui generis*—amusing and profitable, but not from its novelty. Here we took out, packed, and rearranged all our “treasures,” intending to send them on before us from Strasburg, after our arrival at which no more frontiers would have to be passed—and my *red cotton* would be safe!

Frankfort is the centre of all "the Taunus range of melancholy hills," with their innumerable baths. How well I knew many of them! Ems, with its deep hot valley, shut in by steep woody hills of no great altitude. Langen-Schwalbach, lying extended along its broader but more dreary valley, where people go to be braced after the relaxation of Ems—an uncomfortable process, I always think, reminding one of sundry miseries of one's childhood—standing in tubs full of sea-water, smelling of seaweed, which leaves a harsh, aggravating feeling all over the skin, especially in mouth, nose, and eyes—a sensation like that of the face being soaped upwards, or cheeks brushed by the careless hand of the too zealous nurserymaid.

Schlangenbad, that pretty little resting-place by the roadside, where people go to be softened again after the hardships of Schwal-

bach—a sugar-plum after their steel wine. Wiesbaden, with its reputation for gaiety, and its appearance of dulness; and Homburg, which, as I saw it, appeared to be the gayest and pleasantest of all, and of the charms of which I have heard much from my friends in Russia. Then there is Soden, concerning which I had a little disappointment, in an expedition which I will here relate:—

I was going to Wiesbaden one day in August, 1857, to hear a beautiful service performed at the Greek church, and I naturally got into the train for Wiesbaden. I saw, as I approached it, a very young lady standing on the platform, with a maid, to whom she was speaking as I drew near, and, strange to say, she was looking at me as if I formed the subject of their conversation. I asked the guard for a first-class place—he gave me a seat in an empty carriage. This lady exchanged a few words

of gratulation with her maid, and stepped in after me. She immediately asked me if I were going far, and I replied, "To Wiesbaden."

"Oh, then," she asked, "may I stay with you? I am not used to travelling alone, and I am rather alarmed."

On looking at her, I indeed perceived that it was not very likely that she often travelled alone. She was very young—scarcely more than sixteen, though she spoke of her "mari"—extremely pretty and timid, and with just that air of refinement that one often sees about the objects of great care and tenderness.

She began speaking to me in French—said she was not very well, and was going to take "les eaux," but that her husband had been prevented, at the last moment, from accompanying her—and she should be so much obliged if she might remain with me. I was

delighted at the prospect of having so pleasant a companion, and was trying to make up my mind whether she was Russian or Spanish, when she informed me that she was a Russian. This would have been sufficient reason for her interesting me, and for my rejoicing in the rencontre; but, before I could make her sensible of this, the guard asked for our tickets. Mine was for Wiesbaden—hers for Soden; whereupon he informed her that she must change her place and follow him. She turned to look at me with the most piteous expression, “*Il faut donc vous quitter; adieu, madame!*”—and away she went, just in time, for our engine was already screaming.

Two stations further on, my solitude was invaded by a very different person—a lady about fifty-five, who was in one sense alone, in another well attended. A fat little spaniel was lifted into the carriage after her, and a

cage full of fluttering canaries was placed on the seat opposite to her. She came in speaking German; and when I found some of my property was a little in her way, I offered to move it, speaking German also. (My brother says mine is very Rhenish, but as that was here the *couleur locale*, it did not signify). Hers was hybrid, and I soon perceived that, though she spoke German fluently, she was no native. She continued, however, the conversation in German, until, through caprice or chance, she addressed me in French, and presently said she supposed that I was not a German.

“Certainly not,” I replied.

“What are you, then—Italian?”

“No.”

“Spanish?”

“Still less so.”

“French?”

“Far from it,” said I, smiling at last in spite of myself.

“English!” she exclaimed; “oh, speak to me! I have been so long on the Continent without hearing a word of English.”

As she said she had been living at Heidelberg, I was rather surprised at this; and how she managed to maintain so shady an existence there—where our countrymen congregate in multitudes every year—I did not understand. We both laughed, though, at our mutual mystification. I really had not had a fair share of it, however, as I had much sooner detected than claimed my *compatriote*, who forthwith entertained me with the idiosyncrasies of her pet spaniel, of her various canary birds, and other pets defunct. I did not like dogs then; I never did as pets, until a beautiful little King Charles, called Beauty, took a sudden fancy to be nursed by

me when she was very ill; and, in return, was to be found constantly beside me during *my* illness for months. Poor little creature! After I had left the house, she came to see me occasionally; but when I went back there to pay a visit, I suddenly found my progress impeded by something between my feet. It was this affectionate little animal; and this was her way of rejoicing in my reappearance. No sooner was I seated on the sofa, than she crept up, and curled herself round in her old place. Dear little Beauty! would she recollect me now? Would she be like Roderick's dog?

"Thou, Theron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master, Theron—none but thou!"

Even Rusilia had not recognized him.

I left my old lady at Wiesbaden Station, having first ascertained that she did not

know my friends, Count and Countess B——, and their charming children—the joy and pride of Ems and Wiesbaden—and could not, therefore, tell me if they were there; nor could I linger, for I must take a room in which to leave my slight luggage, while I went to the chapel, the monumental Greek Chapel to the late Duchess of Nassau, which stands a glittering landmark on the hill close to the town. I had an order to witness a grand mass, to be performed there on the morning of this day. I had started at eight o'clock from Frankfort, because I feared that the next train might be full; but I did not arrive at all too soon. Greek masses are generally very early performances; and as I did not know this, I was very fortunate in having thus taken time by the forelock, and obtained a very good place for seeing and hearing. The peculiarity of the choir, quite unsupported

by instrumental aid, struck me very much ; and I could have listened for ever, not only to the chaunts and anthems, but also to the deep-toned responses and litanies, so perfect was the harmony, and so rich were the voices. Some little children, whom I had seen the day before at the table-d'hôte at Frankfort, were lifted up to receive the Holy Communion ; and their pretty young mother watched them with a tearful joy that touched me very much. I thought—

“ Though various be the creeds we breathe,
Though varied forms these creeds enwreath,
Though strange our customs, each to each,
And unfamiliar be our speech,
Through all our teaching runs this tone,
The mother saves by Prayer alone.”

After service I tried in vain to get a carriage, having foolishly dismissed mine, not thinking of the great demand for them. So I had a long walk down into the town, where I dined ;

after which I took the first train to Eltville, on the road to Schwalbach. The Eilwagen having started early, I left Eltville on foot at three o'clock, and walked along the dusty road to Neustadt, hoping to meet a train there. But this flattering hope, which had lured me on, was disappointed, and I found that I must walk on yet a good way before there was the slightest chance of even a return carriage. However, I very much wished to see an invalid friend who was at Schwalbach; and as the sun was already less hot than at first, my courage rose, especially as the country grew more and more interesting. At last, however, I emerged upon a hard white road, of uninviting aspect; and I was patiently trudging on, feeling very much inclined to rest on the bank, when I perceived two English-looking men in front of me. They were walking slowly, and I thought I would pass them, and get round the corner before

allowing myself the least repose ; for, said I to myself, their fresh, neat appearance makes me suppose the town to be very near—they evidently have not walked far. I passed them at my then habitually rapid pace, and just caught, as I passed, a tone or two of their voices, that reminded me of some I knew well, but supposed to be just then walking in the fields of Essex, or in Lowndes Square, London.

I had not gone far before I heard my own name shouted, and instinctively turned round to greet two of my own relations, and to laugh with them at the strange rencontre. They had no idea that I was already away from Creuznach, and I had no thought that they were on the Continent. Leisurely we walked into the town together, and to their hotel, where the other member of their party, whom I shall call Mariquita, was preparing for her evening

drive. She was very hospitable ; gave me coffee, and offered to drive me over to Schwalbach, both which welcome offers I accepted thankfully. We had much to tell and much to hear. It was already dark as we drove into Schwalbach ; and as I caught the last rays of light upon her delicate cheek and shiny jet-black hair, it struck me that this was the last kindred face I should see before my long journey. This was only a day or two before I was to start for Russia—and my previsions proved to be true.

She soon drove away (I hope she was not nervous on her dark, lonely way home), leaving with me a large bottle of a very useful medicine, much loving and affectionate counsel, and a warm, genial recollection of my last-seen relations, to carry with me for very long.

The hours flew rapidly at Schwalbach that

pleasant evening ; and when it was time to let my kind friends rest, I could scarcely believe it was so late. I retired to the hôtel, whence the Eilwagen was to start at two in the morning, and slept until called to take my place in it ; reached Wiesbaden in time to breakfast, and Frankfort in time to dine. And thus ended this somewhat singular expedition.

Of course Frankfort recalled all these scenes very vividly. Its goodly row of railway stations, at every one of which I have taken tickets many times, brought all these little incidents to my mind. Perhaps they do not deeply interest you, my dear good reader ; but they will, if you put yourself in my place, and fancy how great a change it must seem to me now, to compare my present life in Frankfort, *always on a bed*, having arrived *on a plank*, and intending to leave it *on a plank*—with

the busy, active existence I led here on that former visit of which I speak. Do you like personal narrative to be vague or detailed? I like narrative to be detailed, if it is at all personal; for then I identify myself with the speaker, and follow him even to the shadow of his eyelashes. But if he is speaking of himself, and does it vaguely, and as if begging the question, why, I had rather he spoke honestly of anybody else; it is neither history nor gossip—and it should be either the one or the other. So, if I have spoken too much of “I” and “we,” and you prefer the case absolute, and the person indeterminate, I will try to write thus, if indeed I ever write again:—

“It having been deemed prudent to avoid an east wind, measures were taken for proceeding to Algeria, where the numerous woollen and cotton fabrics pleased the eye, and excited a not too lively imagination; while the

delicious climate, inhaled by the weary lung, renovated that exhausted receiver."

I will try, if you wish it, dear reader ; but it would be like threading a needle in gauntlets.

END OF VOL. I.

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